

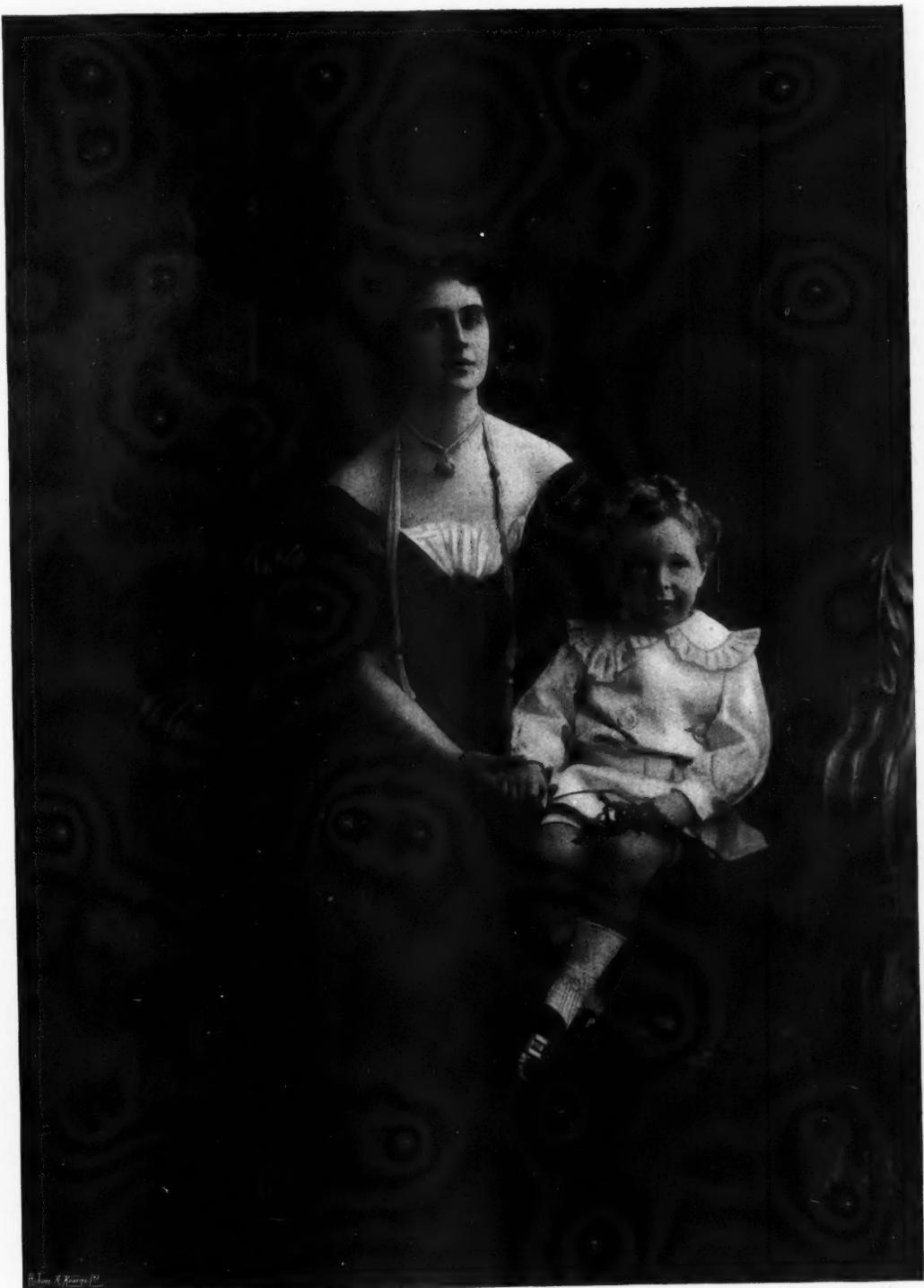
# COUNTRY LIFE

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MRS. A. D. FLOWER AND HER SON.

157, New Bond Street, W.



**COUNTRY LIFE**  
The Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Mrs. A. D. Flower and Her Son	685, 686
Coke of Holkham	686
Country Notes	687
The Wild North-Easter. (Illustrated)	689
A Book of the Week	693
Lead Fonts (Illustrated)	694
On a Southern Trout Stream	696
Lord Annaly's Hunters. (Illustrated)	697
A Wildfowl Poacher	699
John Lee and His Apples. (Illustrated)	700
In the Garden	701
Country Home: Thornbury Castle. (Illustrated)	702
From the Farms	712
A Bird Sanctuary in the Brent Valley	713
Shooting. (Illustrated)	714
On the Green	717
Wild Country Life	718
Correspondence	719

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\* \* With this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is published a continuation of the Illustrated Olympia Supplement begun on November 9th dealing with the Olympia Motor Exhibition.

## COKE OF HOLKHAM.

FROM the midst of new agricultural problems that have arisen, it is good to be taken to the life of one who lived from the middle of the eighteenth century almost to the middle of the nineteenth, and who during the greater part of that time was an unequalled landlord and a supreme leader in husbandry. His career is set forth in two substantial volumes written by one of his great-grandsons, Mr. A. M. W. Stirling, and published at the Bodley Head. The first Earl of Leicester had many claims to the attention of those who are engaged in country pursuits. He was an excellent sportsman, who in October, 1832, when he was in his seventy-ninth year, out of twenty-five shots killed twenty-four head of game. Up to his eighty-third year he was accustomed to shoot daily with sons who were younger than the grandsons who came from his first marriage. In political life, too, he had occupied a prominent and important position as a Whig and the friend of Charles James Fox. But it is as an agriculturist that he deserves most to be remembered by posterity. The country around the famous house built by Thomas Coke is still stern and uncompromising; but when he came into the great Holkham property Lady Townshend wittily said to Mrs. Coke, who told her that she was going to live at Holkham, "Then, my dear, all you will see will be one blade of grass and two rabbits fighting for it." Mr. Stirling vividly describes the state of agriculture in Norfolk at the time. Between Holkham and Lynn not an ear of wheat was cultivated. The trees in the

park were immature, and the water of the lake ebbed and flowed with that of the undrained salt marshes. Where the land could produce anything the rotation was three white crops in succession and then turnips sown broadcast. Cows could not be kept for want of fodder. In the opinion of Bakewell, then living at Dishley, Norfolk sheep were the worst in Great Britain. Later in life Coke described their backs as "narrow as rabbits," and declared they were the worst that could be kept.

Up to 1778, or, at any rate, until a year or two before that, Coke had no knowledge or experience of agriculture. He had to begin from the very beginning, and instruct himself in the art before he could teach it to his tenants. But his energy was unbounded. It first occurred to him to visit other counties then well in advance of Norfolk, and above all to seek the advice of Bakewell. At first his preference was for Merino sheep, but ultimately he chose Southdowns, which he brought to great perfection. He had a flock of them numbering 2,500. But it was not so easy to induce his tenants to follow this good example. The story goes that he went to one of them, and, after trying all other arguments, at last said, "I will make you a fair offer. As your buying them will be at my suggestion, if they die I will refund your outlay; if they live the profit is your own." Reluctantly the farmer agreed, and the result was so satisfactory that the next year he quadrupled his purchases. The other farmers followed his lead, "and soon, in the district where it was imagined not a single sheep could thrive, there was not a farm to be seen without flourishing flocks." Yet an old Tory lady, Mrs. Bodham, used always to declare they were "Whiggish sheep," and that by introducing them Coke had ruined the flavour of Norfolk mutton.

Next he set about improving the breed of cattle, at first directing his attention to Durhams or shorthorns, but afterwards, at the suggestion of the Duke of Bedford, taking to Devons, which he found suited the county. Another direction in which his activity found vent is illustrated by the tale of his bet with the obstinate and eccentric Sir John Sebright. It was that "Mr. Coke will not plough an acre of land in one day in a husband-like manner with the wheel-plough commonly used in Norfolk with two horses; an acre of which Sir John Sebright will plough in the same time with a Hertfordshire plough and four horses." Needless to say, Coke won, and never was a bet followed by more salutary results. Of his reclaiming the salt marshes, checking the erosion of the coast and planting timber, there is little need to speak. Lord Spencer has briefly summed up the points in Coke's system as, improved rotation of crops, application of marl and clay, application of artificial manure, adoption of more profitable livestock, exciting a more general use of the drill, improving relations between landlord and tenant. In the last respect Coke was generally admitted to be an ideal landlord. Early in life it was a point with him to make no distinction between the guests at Holkham, peasant and prince being treated exactly alike. His natural friendliness came out still more strongly in his dealings with his tenants, none the less so because there was a touch of the martinet and the dictator in his composition. But in dealing with tenants he made it a rule to give the longest leases to those who had done best for the land. Even Cobbett admitted that they came to regard him with affection, and whoever had once held Holkham land never desired to go elsewhere. Yet the Norfolk farmer of the old style was obstinate and ill to move. He did not like new-fangled notions. It took nine years to convince him that the growing of wheat was advisable and profitable. Coke introduced the drill, but had to wait long for a disciple, though one of his tenants afterwards exclaimed joyfully, "All, sir, is hat-barley since the drill came." He alluded to the farmer's custom of casting his hat into a cereal crop. If it fell through the thin ears to the ground the crop was bad, but if it were caught and upheld by the robust stalks it was good, or "hat-barley." The Holkham villagers were indignant when asked to cultivate and eat potatoes, and for a long time the utmost concession the farmers would make was that, perhaps, "it wouldn't poison tha' pigs." We cannot enter here upon the improvements he made in the cultivation of root crops, or upon his studies of birds and their relation to husbandry. They are only further examples of his determined and beneficent activity. He earned a name comparable with that of any other man who worked for English agriculture, and he has made Holkham renowned wherever crops are grown.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. A. D. Flower and her son. Mrs. Flower is a daughter of the late Sir Richard Keane, Bart., and her marriage to Mr. Archibald Dennis Flower of The Hill, Stratford-on-Avon, took place in 1900.

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## COUNTRY NOTES

**T**HIS week every newspaper which claims in any way to represent public opinion has extended a hearty welcome to the illustrious visitor who arrived in a November fog in the beginning of the week. The majority have been perfectly frank as well as hospitable. All recognise that, in spite of certain peculiarities which at times raise a smile on the faces of the onlookers, the Kaiser is one of the greatest and most picturesque personalities among the reigning families of Europe at the present moment. And it is to his credit that during his rule peace has on the whole been observed. The Germans, like the English, have had to pay the penalties of holding distant colonies by costly little wars; but since William II. came to the throne there has been no serious menace to the peace of Europe, and those in the best position to know would be the last to insinuate that sovereigns and statesmen have not had a share in this. As a matter of fact, our own King has been the greatest peacemaker of all; but the Emperor William, if we may judge by the results, has so far trodden in the same path. That is only one of many reasons for giving him a cordial welcome to our shores.

November is the month of fogs—at least so far as London is concerned—and it is only natural that the attention of good citizens should be directed towards a possible means of getting rid of the frightful plague. The attempt to do so is taking two very different forms. One is the production of a fuel that will not emit smoke. It is assumed by those who pay for this venture that the primary cause of the very bad fogs we have in London is the smoke that issues from our chimneys. On the other hand, an adventurer has appealed to the Local Government Board, and not in vain, to try and dissipate the fog by means of an explosion of gas. We assume that he must have made out a *prima facie* case for his discovery, from the fact that the Government has taken up his suggestion for the purpose of giving it a serious trial. Yet it is difficult to be hopeful about a scheme like this. The causes that produce fog cannot be dispersed by means of an explosion, and though the discoverers might be able to produce a momentary clearness, we do not quite see how they are going to keep up a continual warfare of this kind against the causes of the fog.

At the Lord Mayor's Banquet on Saturday it is no slight to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the other speakers to say that the address of Sir John Fisher had points of interest greater than those made by anybody else who took part in the ceremony; and if we were asked to select the most pregnant passage of his little speech, we should take the sentences beginning: "I am sure that your praise and appreciation will go forth to them, because, remember, the best ships, the biggest navy—my friend over there talked about the two-power standard—a million-power standard is of no use unless you can hit. You must hit first, you must hit hard, and you must keep on hitting." He followed this up by telling his fellow-countrymen that they could "sleep quiet in your beds," because, among other things, the gunners of the Navy can hit. It is a great satisfaction to find that so thorough a martinet as Sir John Fisher can speak so hopefully of the efficiency of the Navy. Let us hope, however, that it will not lull his countrymen into too deep a feeling of security. Naval efficiency can only be maintained by continuous exertion day after day.

The fascinating and difficult question of tips came before a County Court judge the other day. It was the case of a dining-room attendant in the employ of a well-known firm of railway caterers. He was killed in the accident at Clapham Junction. His employers paid into court £195, being three years' wages at 25s. per week; that is to say, 12s. 6d. per week in money and 12s. 6d. a week in food. But the executors of the dead man claimed that his tips ought to have been taken into consideration. From this source he seems to have earned from 10s. to 12s. a week, and the argument put forward was that he took a comparatively small wage because he considered that the amount paid him in tips made it up. The judge very properly, as we think, refused to take tips into consideration at all. He gave it as his opinion that the respondents had paid the right amount into court. He said, however, that the case opened up an enormous question, and intimated pretty plainly that one day it would have to be carried to a Court of Appeal. It seems to us, however, that if a man were paid at the rate of 25s. a week the amount of tips he received in addition could not be a consideration that his employers should take into account when assessing the damages they ought to pay for accidental injury or death.

The latest statement issued by the Local Government Board amply bears out the remarks we made three weeks ago on the increase of the numbers of persons in receipt of Poor Law relief in London. On November 2nd the number was 121,336 as compared with 117,831 in 1906 and 124,000 in 1905. We are told that the increase of pauperism shown in the present statement is made up of 1,871 outdoor and 1,634 indoor paupers, and that the main parts of the increase has taken place in the South district. But the statistician of the Local Government Board contents himself with directing attention to the facts. He makes no endeavour to explain them, and it is left for the outsider to speculate on the reasons why the number of paupers should have increased so considerably within recent years, and to suggest what steps can be taken to get rid of them.

### LULLABY OF THE DESERTED MOTHER.

I laid my hands upon your hands  
And found them chill and bare;  
O Little One, lie close to me,  
I'll wrap you round with prayer—  
I'll keep you from all swift alarms  
And shelter you from care.

O Little One, come closer yet,  
The soul-wolves wait outside;  
They are not made like other hearts,  
In forms of gods they hide—  
And O the hungriest called Love  
Will hunt you far and wide.

He'll make his meal at first upon  
Your spirits fresh and gay,  
Then blind your eyes, devour your mouth,  
Your golden hair make grey;  
Then he will eat into your heart  
And on your soul will prey.

A. A. H.

The country is certainly very much poorer for the death of Lord Chesham. He was not only an ideal country gentleman, good shot, great fox-hunter, and generally accomplished in all out-of-door pursuits, but he was one of those who—as he showed during the South African War—could surrender all his usual pleasures when his services were demanded by his country. On a notable occasion Lord Roberts wrote of him: "I owe him a debt of gratitude difficult to express, but none the less warmly felt." But this debt was not personal to Lord Roberts; it was due from the country at large, which has lost one of its noblest and least selfish sons in Lord Chesham. It seems like the irony of fate that he should have gone through all the dangers and difficulties of the South African War to die by a wretched hunting accident in Great Britain.

In times when the professional golfer is the recipient of so much attention, the death of Jack Kirkaldy of St. Andrews cannot be allowed to pass unnoticed. He never succeeded in winning the championship, and yet he was one of the very greatest players of his time and almost the best teacher. Among his past pupils is numbered His Majesty King Edward VII. He was probably the best performer of his time with the cleek, and in 1878 he did a round at St. Andrews in 86 strokes with this club. His performance in the open championship was no indication of his great powers as a player. Twice in 1904 he went round the St. Andrews course in 72, and he held the record for the new course there with 73.

After the disappointments of the late cricket season in England, it is a refreshing contrast to read of the extraordinary

doings of the team which we have sent to Australia. Everybody will be tempted to use the old phrase about the glorious uncertainty of the game, for the players who went out did not, in the opinion of experts, adequately represent the best talent of the Mother Country; indeed, the general verdict of the time was that it was a very good all-round one, without possessing sensational excellence in any one particular. Nevertheless, its performances have already been highly extraordinary. In the second match played, going in against a score of 343 made by South Australia, no fewer than four of the English cricketers managed to score "centuries"; and on the second day the total for eight wickets was 660. Those who contributed most to this grand total deserve to have their names inscribed on the roll of sporting heroes. These were: Messrs. Jones, Braund, Crawford and Hardstaff. If this performance is an index of what is coming, the calculations of the prophets will be all upset.

At the next show of the Royal Agricultural Society, which is to be held in Newcastle, there are to be a number of prizes offered which might very well be instituted by other local societies in the United Kingdom. They are given not for what can be exhibited in the show, but for the farms themselves. There will be a first prize of £60 and a second prize of £30 for the best mixed and arable farm exceeding 250 acres and not over 600 acres. There are proportionate prizes for a smaller size of mixed and arable farm, and a third class of farm—that which is devoted to the dairy—will also receive a prize. It has been suggested that the principle underlying this should be carried still further. Prizes, for instance, should be given for dairy stock that are open to a surprise visit at any time of the year, when they would be judged not only by their appearance, the cleanliness of their surroundings and the way they are kept generally, but by the milk yield and the butter ratio. It is well known that cows of nervous temperament very often fail to do themselves justice after the excitement of the journey and all that is entailed by being put in the show-yard. But if two or three capable judges were empowered to visit at any time of the year the animals entered for competition, they would form a far sounder judgment of their merits from seeing them at home.

At this season of the year the poultry shops in London possess an uncanny interest for the lover of birds. Sir Herbert Maxwell, as he tells us, enters a protest every year against so many lapwings being killed and exposed for sale. No one has ever alleged that this beautiful and graceful native of our fields ever did the slightest harm to husbandry in any form whatever, and it seems a pity that they should be killed for the purpose of adding an extraordinary dish to the epicure's table. Nor can we ever reconcile ourselves to the destruction of so many larks. The birds at the present moment are to be seen in thousands for sale, and their fate is one to which the finest of our native minstrels should not be exposed. Unhappily for its sake, however, the lark has always been considered a game-bird, and is still an object of pursuit to the falconer.

A little circumstance that came to our notice quite recently shows that "larks on toast" still compose a very popular form of refreshment. Some people had been disturbed in a cottage at night by voices, noises and lanterns, but when they found out the cause they declared themselves not to be alarmed in any way, because their visitors were only carrying out an annual performance. They visited the cornstacks, the holly bushes and thick growth of every kind for the purpose of bat-fowling—that is to say, catching the little birds that nest there. For these, it seems, there is a very good sale in London, and as the sparrows in their own feathers are not very often found in the London shops, it can be no very inaccurate surmise that their ultimate destination is to be served to the customers at the cheaper restaurants under the description of "larks on toast." Would that the sparrow, who is a thief unworthy to be apologised for, more frequently suffered this fate.

In the person of Sir Lewis Morris the country has lost a poet who was very popular in his day. The author of "The Epic of Hades" won a place and name for himself at the time when, to all appearance, the field was completely occupied by Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne and William Morris. His poetical talent was probably an inheritance from his great-grandfather, Lewis Morris of Penrhyn. He was educated at Cowbridge and Sherborne Schools and at Jesus College, Oxford. He was afterwards called to the Bar, and practised until 1880. It was in 1871 that he made his first hit with his "Songs of Two Worlds," which appeared almost at the same time as "The Earthly Paradise" by his namesake.

The past summer and autumn have been extraordinarily freakish, and, as a rule, their freaks have not made for our greater comfort; but there have been compensations about some

of them. It can hardly be regarded as anything but a freak that in Cornwall, a county where all the green things of the earth are given us at an earlier date in spring than elsewhere in our islands, peas should have been green, and not too old to be excellent on table, in November. That has been the case, surely a case which justifies the title of freakish for the season. If further proof be wanted, it may be seen in the foxgloves now in bloom in Cornish hedges.

It has been an unfortunate autumn for the salmon-fisher in England. As a general rule rivers were very low for a long while, then came an ample flood and generous spate to allow fish to run up and give a promise of fine sport on those few English rivers which were open late; and though the flood continued, the rivers held their big waters in a way that we do not often see in these modern days of surface draining, and were too big for successful fishing, right away to the end of the chapter—that is to say, till the season closed. In these days it is quite true that this long holding of a big water is a sign that the springs are full, and so far is a sign of good omen, for the country generally, as well as the salmon rivers, has suffered from a lack of sufficient water supply for many a year.

#### THE ANSWER.

From farthest East to farthest West,  
And back again, Myself I sent  
To find the Island of the Blest.  
And that old Land of Lost Content.

I found them not—not any rest,  
And to Myself I made lament:  
There is no Island of the Blest—  
Nor any Land of Sweet Content.  
But Myself answered—"Cease your quest,  
Look nearer home, too far you went.  
Love is the Island of the Blest,  
And Work the Land of Lost Content."

TRELAWNEY DAYRELL-REED.

Mr. R. I. Pocock, in the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History," has placed on record some extremely interesting observations which he has made on the spots which so conspicuously mark the hides of the cubs of lions and pumas. Though whole-coloured when adult, it is not generally known that for the first few weeks of life these animals are profusely spotted. But the form of the spots is fundamentally different in the two animals. In the young lion they are halfway between the spots of the leopard and jaguar and the stripes of the tiger, while in the young puma they rather resemble the markings of some of the smaller felidae. From these data Mr. Pocock proceeds to draw two conclusions. In the first place, he contends that the whole-coloured adults of these two species were originally spotted, and instances of similar changes from immature to adult stages, which support this view, could be quoted by the dozen. Secondly he insists that the relationship which some have asserted exists between the lion and the puma—solely because the adults are whole-coloured—is conclusively disproved.

The young of the tiger, he points out, show traces of spotting. This is interesting, for it has been shown, in the case of other animals, that spots preceded transverse stripes in evolution, the stripes being produced by the fusion of rosette-like spots into transverse chains. We may suppose, then, that when the lion took to living in more or less open and sandy wastes its spots disappeared, while the tiger, changing its habitat to places where long grass abounded, developed these spots into stripes. Both animals, while in the spotted stage, were probably smaller in size, and lived, like the smaller cats, more or less in trees. Throughout, in short, the colour of the coat has become adapted to the needs of environment. Thus, then, we have an answer to the old question, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?"

A Tennis and Racquet Association is being—or, perhaps we may say virtually has been—formed, principally by the efforts of Major Cooper-Key. Associations have not always proved to be for the best interests of the games which they were formed to manage, and we have notable instances of their failure; but there is practically no risk of the troubles which have beset these other games arising in the case of tennis or of racquets, and there is not the least doubt that a leading body having authority is badly wanted. Certain points of etiquette in regard to tennis require laying down with some precision, as, for instance, that which arose in a recent championship, where a youthful player received from an opponent of twice his age permission to stop the game while his arm was being rubbed for an attack of cramp. Comments on the matter were emphatic at the time, and would probably have been more outspoken had the younger man not

had the special claim on British generosity of being a foreigner. A central authority is wanted to determine once for all the ethics of such a case as this, and there are many other ways in which it can do good work.

Whatever view we may be disposed to take of the institution of the "Rhodes" Scholarships at our Universities, there can be no question that they are bringing in some very fine athletes. The performance of Mr. L. C. Hull of Brasenose College, who comes from Michigan, in the recent Freshmen's sports is a striking instance in point. He won outright four of the events for which he entered—the Hundred Yards, High Jump, Quarter-Mile and Putting the Weight, and was second in the Hurdles. The winning of the "Weight," combined with the High Jump and the sprint race, indicates a very remarkable union of strength and activity. He is credited with having run the Hundred in 10 1-5sec., and his time in the Oxford Freshmen's sports is returned at 10 4-5sec.

Reference has previously been made in these columns to the progress effected by the Congolese authorities in the task of domesticating the African elephant. A recent visitor to the State establishment at Api writes as follows: "Owing to an unfavourable season, no attempt has been made to increase the total of elephants under training. The number in the colony at the present time is twenty-five, of which nineteen are employed in different kinds of work. During the four months of the wet season the elephants are not worked; they are even

given a chance to rejoin those in a wild state; that is to say, they are turned out into the forest, but the wild and the trained seem to keep apart. The latter, however, attract some of the wild elephants to the vicinity of the establishment, but these are generally too old and intractable to provide useful recruits. On resuming the regular routine they manifest no indisposition to work, and submit themselves willingly to the discipline of the establishment. The African elephant is of short stature, the young elephants at Api averaging from 4ft. 4in. to 5ft. 7in. at the shoulder."

The way in which the peculiar birds of small islands silently disappear has been well illustrated recently by a discovery made by Mr. Le Souëf, an Australian naturalist, in the British Museum of Natural History. Mr. Le Souëf is studying those most interesting flightless giants of Australia, the emus; and particularly desired to see examples from Tasmania, where these birds have been extinct for the last half century. He was successful, finding in the collections two skins, and, furthermore, his suspicions—based on a study of some emus' eggs from Tasmania—that the birds of this island would prove to represent distinct species were confirmed. And now it appears that these two skins are the only remains of this species in the world. But this is not the only extinct emu, for Kangaroo Island, situated only a few miles off the mainland of New South Wales, harboured a diminutive species known as the black Kangaroo. To-day this is represented only by a single stuffed specimen—in Paris—and two skeletons, one in Paris and one in Florence.

## THE WILD NORTH-EASTER.

**C**HARLES KINGSLEY, who knew as well as most men what is good for the muscular Christian, or rather the muscular Englishman of any religious belief, did not, like some more effeminate poets, write odes to the West wind and the South wind; nor did he see much to praise in the soft South-West. But he hymned those breezes wrestling with which has made the bone and

sinew that for centuries have distinguished the inhabitants of these islands. From the East and the North-East come to Great Britain the coldest of all the breezes, due, it is said, to the immense distances they have to travel over the continent of Europe. Every sea wind that has not travelled overland is ever too soft and luxurious, and where it prevails the climate may, and often does, rival the mildest health



C. E. Wanless.

A MARTYR TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

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[Nov. 16th, 1907.]



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TUGGING AT THE ANCHOR.

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resorts on the Continent; but it brings not that invigorating cold possessed by the strong, chilling winds which blow on the North-East Coast. Probably the cynic would retort that these winds are good for the strong alone, and they benefit the population only by getting rid of its weakest members. In whatever degree this may be true of human beings, it certainly applies to vegetation. Few things in still Nature are more pathetic than the sight which may be seen all along our North-Eastern Coast of the trees, and in some cases of tall hawthorn hedges, that stand as if they were actually shivering in the blast, with their backs to the wind. Not even in summer are they entirely covered with leaves, but dead branches proclaim that the exposure has been too much for them; and the long-limbed boughs are all waving like the clothes of an over-dressed

woman who has been caught in a gale. Indeed, in the extreme North the process has resulted not in malformation, but in utter destruction. How many trees are to be found along the coast of Caithness and Sutherland? And if you cross over the stormy Pentland to Orkney it is to arrive in an archipelago where, practically speaking, trees are not existent. There is, it is true, a small grove on the Island of Pomona in which the trees are strong enough to afford nesting-places for rooks and owls; but these birds are driven by necessity to take a much lower site than they would consider suitable in a better-timbered country. Most of the islands are absolutely bare, except for the heather that shows purple in summer and grows black as autumn slowly changes into winter. On the North-East Coast trees of various kinds have been planted, and grow well, in proximity to



C. E. Wanless.

THE DESPOILING WIND.

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the sea; but when this is the case it will almost invariably be found that a shelter has been provided by rows of timber planted much closer to the sea, and in these rows it is not expected that the trees will ever attain to any great height or bulk. The wind blows upon them across the German Ocean, and seems to destroy nearly all the growth that is directly exposed, while the twigs and boughs that are developed on the more sheltered side are stunted and gnarled to a degree, though even so they add beauty of their own to the landscape. Most of us have been accustomed to trees growing in perfect freedom, and developed equally on all sides. For instance, we find great oaks which, owing to their harmonious development, resemble in summer great spheres of green—woodland balls, which do not bulge either to the north, south, east or west. The elm, which grows frequently in a similar situation, does not attain to this rotundity of form. It is, as a rule, taller, yet cannot be called slender in the sense in which that word would be applied to the poplar. The elm has its own great strapping boughs, though these are not comparable with those of the oak. The ash, again, which flourishes freely in the above company, is slightly more attenuated than the elm, though it again is not so much so as the tall and rustling poplar. In the well-planted woodland the object has, of course, been to make the trees shoot up with a stem as tall as possible. In landscape the effect of wayside and woodland trees is very much the same if seen from a considerable distance, as the individual trees then seem to blend together into a great nodding woodland. In summer they show unending masses of green leaves, and in winter, when stripped of this covering, a skeleton that usually is



C. E. Wanless.

BARE RUINED QUIRES.

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formed with a considerable amount of symmetry. It is then that the forms and proportions of trees can be studied to most advantage. Then, too, they yield the best results to the care and art of the photographer, because while in summer their construction is veiled and hidden by leaves, these are revealed by the austereities of winter. It is when days are at their shortest that we can most effectively obtain such pictures of the giants of the woodlands as will convey to others the impression formed on the mind of the observer. In summer all that can be seen is a featureless mask of leaves. But those trees that have been thoroughly exposed to the north-eastern blast are much more grotesque; tossed and bent by the recurrent



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THE DREARY DREARY MOORLAND.

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TURNING THEIR BACKS TO IT.

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gales, they assume the most diverse and singular forms. One can recall many bits of country in which these wind-blown trees form a conspicuous feature. Before the mind's eye there arises a piece of typical coast scenery. We think of it most as seen in the light of a November dusk. This month is a greatly maligned one, because in town it is chiefly known as the mother of fogs and darkness; but in the pure and serene air where the marshlands come close to the sea November is often as pretty as any month in the year. On the night we are thinking of the sea was singularly calm, and its wash on the shingle was not louder than the noise made by a mere when its usually still waters are vexed by an angry wind. Out on the waters a score of ships are passing, some already with twinkling lights hanging out. The red sails of the fishing-boats that were ruddy in the light of the setting sun have grown dull with the deepening gloom, and the white wings of the seagulls have ceased to flash as they did in the afternoon. To landward there

is the level marshland traversed by silvery white dykes, upon them a farm boy is collecting the cows for their homeward journey, and a few Shire colts, that thrive well in the salt-laden winds, are frisking and kicking their heels beside the home-going cattle. On the little mound in the distance stand the ruins of a church that gives a note of melancholy to the scene, and this is emphasised by the appearance of the trees. Ere now they had been well-nigh stripped of their foliage, and look almost as if they were shuddering with cold as a pale new sickle-shaped moon gleams coldly down on them, and the stars that gradually steal into the sky are reflected in the waters of the marsh. There is something sad and desolate about the landscape, due to the low ground, the ruined building and most of all to the dwarfed and distorted trees. But it is not in marsh-

land only that the last mentioned affect the landscape. On another part of the coast, and this more northerly, the country near the sea is beautifully diversified by hills. There are, indeed, great spaces covered with timber. It is a sportsman's country. Trees almost enclose the country houses, and obviously a great deal of planting has been done for game. Standing on the seashore, you can enumerate all the features of the countryside: The manor houses, hidden or half-hidden among woodland; an ancient castle, with a stern-looking old turret raised high above the woodland, would dominate its surroundings were it not for the high blue hills that rise beyond. But everywhere timber seems to flourish amazingly, in copse and hedgerow, covert and woodland, the one exception being close to the sea. Here, again, the great trees and the hawthorn alike are stunted and blown awry by the prevailing wind from the North Sea. This it is that makes the spring in these places a terror to the weakling and invalid. Scarcely any vegetation can stand against it,



C. E. Wanless.

THE EFFECT OF MANY BLASTS.

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unless it be the few rough bents, whose roots gain a foothold on the sand-hills that every breeze helps to build up in the neighbourhood of the sea. However, those trees whose existence is almost ruined by the wind blowing across the continent of Europe would have the satisfaction, if they were capable of consciousness, of knowing that they suffer for the good of the community; they are martyred to provide a shelter for such of their brotherhood as it is desired to grow in parks and by the mansion. At one moment one is so struck by their desolate aspect, and at another by the richness of the timber that comes down so close to the sea, that he who looks from a distance might fancy the shore sentinelled by tall trees. It is only on a nearer approach that discovery is made of the barrier of mis-shapen trees between the salt water and the timber.

It is sometimes thought that the reason of all this lies in the extreme saltiness of the sea air; but, as a matter of fact, phenomena of an exactly similar kind may be studied by those who are accustomed to hill-climbing. We are familiar with an estate in which, during the last two generations, persevering attempts have been made to enclose what was once a bare hillside with trees. The first efforts were of no avail whatever, owing, no doubt, to a defect in the method of planting. The wind in these high altitudes seems to be continually blowing, and the young trees either perish altogether or become so stunted as to resemble mere shrubs. Nature is only repeating there what she has done elsewhere, for here and there upon jutting points of the hill trees can be seen which apparently have been self-sown. They are the survivors of many others, but scarcely in a single instance have they attained to any considerable height. There is an exception, however, in our mind; it is of a great yew that stands on a mountain spur, beside a little graveyard and the remains of what was once a church. How the builders came to go so high has been rightly or wrongly explained by the tradition that, in very early days, a hamlet and a church stood in a sheltered situation in the valley,

but that during one of the great winter storms the little stream, which in summer creeps hidden by fern from one mossy stone to another, swelled to such an extent that it swept the buildings away and uprooted the very coffins themselves. Tradition will, of course, persist for a very long time; but the yew tree planted upon the brow of the hill must have taken ages to grow, and the fact that the church itself has not only fallen into disuse, but threatens to disappear altogether, points to its antiquity. To-day the old yew stands with one great bough extended, like the figure of some green-clad prophetess with outstretched arm. The green mounds where the dead are alone remain intact, for the wall round the churchyard is broken and crumbled, so that the mountain sheep can enter and batten on the grass that grows luxuriantly there. Even in summer there is a certain pathos about this scene, telling as it does of departed generations, the work of whose hands is gradually crumbling to dust, while the grassy mounds that proclaim their existence are flecked by the

shadow from the distorted yew trees. But in winter when all is bleak and bare, the desolation that awaits the earth when the human race no longer inhabit it, is presaged in this forsaken landscape from which man and his dwellings are excluded.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**A** VERY short time ago we had before us the reminiscences of the late Duke of Argyll, and now has come a book of similar character from his son, the present Duke, who was better known as the Marquess of Lorne. He does not make a set book of memoirs, but calls the two substantial volumes *Passages from the Past* (Hutchinson). They begin, however, with his earliest memory, a vivid impression of being carried in to say good-bye to his grandfather on his death-bed. From other scenes we can easily imagine the nature of his childhood. Thus a heavy skipping-rope held by Prince Albert and Mr. Gibbs for him and Angus (Duke of Hamilton) to jump fell on his head, and he was carried off by the Prince Consort. Also a pretty reference is made to the children's habit of "surrounding" the great Duke of Wellington "when he had only on his evening clothes and a star and garter." The chapter on great poets is extremely interesting, though we hope few will agree with all the Duke's critical *dicta*. For example, the description of Wordsworth's poetry as "philosophic stuff, fit gruel for mental invalids," might advantageously have been omitted. Later on we have an amusing picture of the then laureate saying to Lord Lorne, with a solemnly sly wink: "I live in terror of any of the Queen's family marrying, and of hearing from her that she hopes I will write something. I have no news of that kind yet, but I live in terror of it." Mr. Swinburne he classes among the minor poets, "His features and look reminded one of Shakespeare's portraits, but there was a dreamy far-away gleam about the blue (!) eyes."



C. E. Wauless. THE GLARE OF THE DESOLATE SKY.

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The delightful Browning and his gifted wife are placed in the same category. So is Morris, who "was equally good at writing and designing wall-paper and household stuffs, but had little of the grace of either his poetry or drawing." Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, nicknamed "the cool of the evening," is very pleasantly hit off. In the sketches connected with education we are constantly meeting with familiar names. "Do you know little Dalmeny? He comes very often to us," occurs in a letter from Eton. At St. Andrew's the Marquess was a fellow-contributor to the College Magazine with Andrew Lang; and Veitch discoursed to him on second sight, in which the great Highland chief believed as a matter of course. Cambridge he felt tedious, with its "fogs and shades and cloisters." We did not find the account of his early travels entrancing, but the chapter on Inverary is delightful, though the story, "what na beast's yon," is a chestnut. But the account of otter-hunting, the descriptions of the fishes of the sea and the

birds of the air are excellent. His account of the trees, too, is a valuable addition to woodland lore. In the following passage we have a curiously vivid account of the people of an earlier generation :

At the time of the building of the new castle the poorer men all wore the kilt and plaid, and blue bonnets, and the women the plaid, either over their shoulders or drawn over the head. Shoes were not much in request. The richer classes wore the cocked hat, and long coat and knee-breeches in fashion among the Lowlanders. The houses were mere rough stone cabins, thatched, with the fire in the centre of the one room they contained, and the smoke escaped through a hole in the thatch. At Inverary the earls had built stone and slate houses in their turn, and there were some of two stories. I can remember several of the older and more primitive cottages in the country districts. One which Rob Roy lived in, when under the protection of the Duke of Queen Anne's time, was inhabited till lately. A cow had one end to herself, the family the other. Rob Roy's knife handle of cow's horn was found not long ago. "R. Mc. G." were the letters cut deeply on it—a curious relic of the last of the freebooters.

The history of the famous marriage between the author of this book and the Princess Louise is gracefully told, by the simple process of printing various letters of congratulation written at the time. By this means the Duke has escaped what would otherwise have proved a delicate and difficult part of his task. Immediately following that event comes a long account of Canada and of Lord Lorne's experience as Governor-General. We all remember with how much distinction the Marquess of Lorne filled that onerous post, and how he returned to this country imbued with the great idea of Imperial Federation. Those who desire a detailed and charmingly written account of his experiences will do well to turn to the part of the book dealing with them. To return to this country, everyone will turn up the brief chapter in which an account is given of the Armada wreck at Tobermory. But we are afraid that the Duke's very evident leaning to a belief in supernatural agencies will have an effect the opposite of encouraging on all those who are engaged in the search for treasure. Already there have been found "the compasses of the captain, a breech-loading cannon, a part of another piece of ordnance, many cannon balls, a silver candlestick, swords, dollars, arquebuses and other small articles."

We have said little of the Duke of Argyll's opinions on politics and things in general, though they are expressed with unrestrained freedom. He is avowedly an Imperialist and a Tariff Reformer. To the Death Duties he has the greatest enmity :

Under the Tudors men built houses worthy to rank with foreign palaces. Under the Stuarts and under the Prince of Orange, under Anne and the Guelfs they had done the same. There was no law to make men pay on the assessed capital value of the whole of the buildings and their contents each time a death occurred.

A saying in the recently issued Life of Coke of Norfolk curiously illustrates the Duke's remark. It is to the effect that at

Holkham there are as many bricks under as above the ground, signifying what care had been spent on the foundations. We may do many things better than our forefathers, but house-building is not one of them.

There is little need to enlarge on the value of reminiscences such as have been given by the Duke of Argyll. They cover a very interesting period in the history of this country, one in which changes of radical importance have taken place. The Duke himself is modern of the moderns; he has been accustomed to the railway and the telegraph from his birth, and the changes and advances in human civilisation which belong to his period have, as it were, grown with his growth. But he lived in very intimate intercourse with his father, and the late Duke of Argyll was a man whose youth was spent in a very different environment. He belonged to a Scotland in which the traditions gathered by Sir Walter Scott still prevailed; he might almost be described as the last of the great Highland chiefs. Probably the present Duke would be the first to admit that the Highland chief of the day ever tends to approximate more closely to the position held by a great English landlord. The Duke of Argyll would take his place naturally beside the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Portland and the Duke of Northumberland. It was not so with his forefathers, who held a position more akin to that of petty princelets than of members of an aristocracy. They commanded the allegiance of their followers, and could take them to battle as easily as could a feudal superior call out his knaves in the English Middle Ages. Long after the '45 this feeling survived in Scotland, although civilisation was gradually making its way into the Highlands and clearing away before it those feelings of allegiance that distinguished the simple clansman of an earlier period. In the time of the late Duke this romantic fidelity had not by any means died out, although it was impossible that it should be maintained with all its old lustre amid the smoke and din of modern politics. Of course, it may be said that the late Duke of Argyll did not enter into the arena where men meet in electoral battle, but did his work in the serene atmosphere of the House of Lords. That may be so, yet we have only to recollect that at one time he was a friend and ally of the late Mr. Gladstone, and became one of his strongest opponents when the integrity of the Empire was threatened, to see that he could emerge unscathed out of the dust of battle. Indeed, the late Duke of Argyll was a very controversial politician who held strong and decided opinions upon every conceivable subject in the world. The process of argument does not tend to the preservation of old-fashioned feelings. The present Duke differs essentially in character from the father he admires so much that he compares his oratory with that of Bright and Gladstone. As Marquess of Lorne he took as little part in controversial politics as did the members of the Royal Family, and as Duke of Argyll he has been chiefly distinguished for his proficiency in the finer and more graceful arts. This book is indeed a monument to his ability in that direction.

## LEAD FONTS.

**I**T is not hard to discover the cause of the great interest that is taken in the art of font-making. The font (if I may be permitted a metaphor from music) sounds a personal domestic note in ecclesiastical buildings. Its importance as the place of the first sacrament has caused the craftsmen of the church to lavish peculiar care on its decoration. Fortunately no theological battles have been waged round it, as round stone altars and rood-screens, and the hand of the destroyer has, therefore, been light. Save for the distressing follies of unwise "restorers," fonts have had a peaceful history. The history of lead fonts has been chequered, though, by one grave disability. Lead has always had a



IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WAREHAM.

market value. When the "restorer" of fifty or 100 years ago decided that a Norman stone font was a relic of barbaric art, and straightway threw it out of the church and put in its place some foolish thing, with nice sharp edges, and decorated with trefoils

and monograms, the old font which had seen centuries of christenings was relegated to the vicarage garden as a convenient flower-pot. With lead fonts it was different. Usually they were just melted up and sold. A few have been rescued from the flower-pot stage, and after their unworthy supporters have been removed, the battered leadwork has come into its own again. Altogether twenty-nine have survived, and I illustrate seven characteristic examples. They range in date from Norman

times to the seventeenth century. The most decorated and most interesting is certainly that of Brookland, Romney Marsh. Its circumference of 6 ft. is divided horizontally into a double arcade surmounted by mouldings of Norman character. The two ranges of arches are filled with the signs of the zodiac in the upper row, and little scenes illustrative of the labours of the months in the lower. For example, October (on the extreme right of the photograph) has Scorpio, singularly like a frog equipped with a tail. Below this not very alarming beast, the symbolic figure is treading the winepress. For September (the next pair to the left), Libra is a slender figure of Justice, with the scales; and below, the relief shows a man threshing. His action as he bends over the sheaf is full of life and movement. The other months have all their distinctive scenes. In November a swineherd is beating down acorns. April has a particularly charming picture. A graceful girlish figure is holding two tall lilies in her hand and welcoming the spring. There is a curious blunder in the March panel, where Capricornus is represented instead of Aries. Leo is more like a leopard than a lion, and the bull is distressingly lean. Cancer evidently did not call up very clear visions in the plumber's mind, for the crab is a nondescript creature fitted with six legs. The symbolic figure for December is a pleasing indication of the change that has taken place in winter sports since the twelfth century. A man with uplifted axe is engaged in killing a wolf. The outstanding character of this font is the secular nature of its decoration. Its appeal to the onlooker is cosmic rather than Christian, except in one detail. In the middle of the illustration and breaking the moulded bands will be noticed a relief picturing the Resurrection. This has the look of an after-thought. It may be that the unspiritual character of the treatment struck the mind of the parish priest for whom the plumber was working, and that he demanded the addition of some frankly Christian symbol.

The majority of the Norman lead fonts are of one type, of which the main features are an arcade occupying practically the whole height, with sitting or standing figures under each arch. In Gloucestershire there are six of this type, all cast from the same patterns, and at Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, and at Dorchester, Oxon and Wareham, Dorsetshire, the same idea governs the decoration, though the patterns differ from each other and from the Gloucestershire examples. The font at Dorchester is one of the most delightful features of a church which is also notable for its Jesse window. There are eleven full-faced figures seated under the arches. Each figure has a nimbus, and as in each the hair falls on both sides of the face, it has been conjectured that they represent Christ in various attitudes. The variation is only in the position of the hands and in the presence or absence of books. There are no emblems to suggest that the figures represent the Faithful Apostles. Professor Freeman, noting the Anglo-Saxon character of the drapery, claimed this font as being pre-Norman; but the detail of the arcading seems to deny this, and it may be attributed to early in the twelfth century.

The most accessible lead font for Londoners is at Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey. Here, again, we have seated figures, but they are not so admirably modelled as at Dorchester, and there are only three different figures. Of these two have the right hand uplifted in benediction and all hold a book. If the figures do not show such a mastery in the modelling of the drapery as we find at Dorchester, the ornament in the spandrels and in the band round the top is exquisitely delicate. It is in such fonts as this that one realises the peculiar merit of lead and the very real opportunities which it gives to the artist. The combination of fineness and softness which is possible with lead and impossible with stone, is a distinctive and altogether valuable characteristic.

My third arcaded font is at St. Mary's Church, Wareham, and it is unique in being hexagonal, whereas all the others are round.



*W. G. Davie. XII. CENT. WORK AT DORCHESTER, OXON.* Copyright



*W. G. Davie. FONT AT EDBURTON, SUSSEX.* Copyright

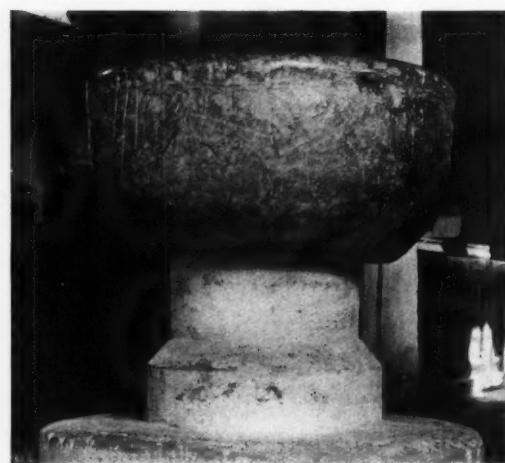


*W. G. Davie. AT WALTON-ON-THE-HILL.* Copyright

Each face is decorated with two arches, and under each is a standing figure. As one carries a key, it is likely that he is St. Peter, and that the whole series represent the Twelve Apostles, though none has a nimbus. There are no other distinctive emblems, such as the sword of St. James or the chalice of St. John, but all either carry a book or a scroll, or both. Though the architectural treatment of the arcading is very simple, there is an odd feature in the bases of alternate columns, which appear to be fashioned as lions' heads, though time has so softened the outlines that one cannot be certain. There are two bowls in Sussex, at Edburton and Pyecombe, of quite a different character, though they may be taken as very little later in date than the arcaded fonts; perhaps the last quarter of the twelfth century. They have no figure decoration, but the surface is covered with small outlined arcades and scroll decoration of a very delicate sort. My illustration shows the Edburton font, and the Pyecombe example only differs in the decoration of the lower half. It is obvious that the same craftsman made both, and from the same patterns.

It is a far cry to the date of the font at Tangley, Hampshire. It bears two beautifully-modelled Tudor roses, two crowned thistles and three fleurs-de-lys. These ornaments are divided by slender baluster-shaped bars. I think it may be attributed to the end of the sixteenth century. The font at Penn, Buckinghamshire, has only just been added to the list of lead fonts. It is unique in this respect, that it is the only one rounded at the bottom. It altogether lacks decoration, but has been scratched all over with dates and initials, and among them is 1625. How much earlier than 1625 the font was made is a matter of pure conjecture. The history of the discovery of this font is instructive and has elements of hope. The bowl was coated thickly with colour and had always been supposed to be of stone. The discerning knuckle of the vicar tapping it suggested that it was not stone, and the point of a knife confirmed his suspicion. It may very well be that other lead fonts exist which are masquerading as stone, and, provided that the clerical penknife be gently used, other surgical experiment in the same direction may increase our list.

For much in this article I am indebted to Dr. Alfred C. Fryer, F.S.A., whose luminous (and too little known)



AT PENN, BUCKS.

contributions to the history of fonts have put all ecclesiologists in his lasting debt.

LAWRENCE WEAVER, F.S.A.

## ON A SOUTHERN TROUT STREAM.

To live for a while on the very edge of a trout stream is to be the spoilt child of fortune. One may steal out at odd moments of the day or night, and, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," ply one's craft within easy hail of the claims of society. For the odd quarter of an hour, the idle afternoon, the planless morning there is always the rod, and who asks a more enlivening companion? When it is laid to hibernate in his case, and the trout stream has been left for the call of business, angling is not yet done with; for then comes the solace of recollection, the comfort of killing one's fish again—this time with pen and paper. And so I have many fish to kill again as a result of a few weeks on a bonny stream in the Southern Counties—a stream where the fish ran comfortably large, disdained all else but the floating fly and gave me of their plenty some half a hundred brace. True, I was not greedy, and, keeping to a limit of near a foot, gave some their liberty; but there are others who will never fight again, and whose obituary notice thus falls due.

The river is a fickle comrade, and daily association with it makes one unpleasantly conscious of its moods. Its depth varying with the



IN TANGLEY CHURCH, HAMPSHIRE.

inclination of riparian owners up stream to shut or open their hatches, its produce of floating food, its temperature, or the working of the wind above it—all these things make the fisherman's sport as much a lottery as the most carefully judged Limerick competition. Still, living beside the river, one can catch it in a good temper or avoid it when sullen, though oftentimes with smiling face it tempts you forth to be fooled. I mind some unlikely mornings full of sport; how once, with a gale in my teeth and a Scotch mist in my eyes, I found the water's surface dimpled with rises. Just beneath an overhanging bush a small movement denoted a probable monster. The red quill passed over him, and he rose; I missed him, and he came again, this time to his doom. Finally, he committed suicide, for, with but a narrow channel of clear water between two large masses of weeds, I could not have held him had he proved unruly. He only rolled and burrowed, or ran straight up and down the lane, and I gave him the butt; for I knew that, once he came to his senses, he would never come to my net. I won, and the net which had seen better days gave way as I got him on the bank; he weighed 1lb. 6oz. and was the best of my holiday. To begin well is everything for an angler, but the new net fetched from the house was not used again that morning; instead three other beauties escaped after being hooked—one broke my cast with no ceremony at all, another dashed clean through my legs and got off the slackened line, the third lay on the shallows and simply kicked himself free. Disaster for the angler must ever mingle with success. On two consecutive evenings I lost the same fish; he weighed quite a couple of pounds and refused a Wickham. I changed the fly for a red quill; he took it at once, sprang clear of the stream right into a heap of weeds and was gone. Next evening I gave him a coachman, when he repeated his performance exactly. I tried him again many times, but he never afterwards rose at me, and I left him on the last day sucking in flies with all the experience—gained at my expense—of a connoisseur. Success lay in a stretch of zoyds, covered in by trees, where I took a pound fish out three evenings following, a different one, be it stated, on each occasion. The first lay just below the hatches under a stone wall, whereon my coachman dropped and thence straight into his mouth; the second 5yds. above, and we had a tremendous tussle, he struggling to go



W. G. Davie. THE BROOKLAND FONT. Copyright.

through the hatches and break me, I to prevent him; victory lay with me, and his twin brother, not 2yds. higher up, made a like vain endeavour before coming to the net. A pretty picture these three beauties made, or would have done had they all been of the same creel, far prettier than three sprats a bare 6in. long, which on another day alone rewarded a morning's whipping the waters.

And what of the blinks? They, too, had their place. What angler's log is complete without them? But they are gone, forgotten in the memory of an empty creel, filled with four fish in the evening rise, which began 10min. off the dinner-bell; they were risen, hooked, landed in 8min., and an accomodating cook saved me from being late. But this is not all;

there are stolen moments rewarded by a single fish, by a brace, or punished by failure, too numerous to chronicle; there are tales of casts left floating in accursed branches, of fish put down by clumsy stalking or splashing of line, of cows and dogs that came to see what one was doing, with a natural result. All these things and a thousand other fancies and sights, as wild duck flighting just over the point of the rod in the gloaming, or a kingfisher perched on a bridge, a jewel in an August sun, or a heron, grey wraith, stealing off across the misty marshes, linger in one's mind after a holiday by the river-side. The last sun of troutng days in 1907 has set, and only these memories are left till April smiles and weeps once more.

ALAN R. HAIG BROWN.

## LORD ANNALY'S HUNTERS.

**O**NE of the most difficult problems of horse-breeding is how to breed hunters. There are, of course, many magnificent hunters raised in this country and in Ireland. But the numbers bred are not by any means equal to the demand for them, for the raising of hunters is a lottery. No one can lay down a rule and say, "I will breed a weight-carrying hunter by such and such a method." "What we want," sadly remarked an old farmer, "is a big brown horse; what we get is a little chestnut filly." I have always believed that the key to success is a well-bred working mare crossed with a thoroughbred horse; but such mares are growing scarce. Such has been the origin of the Irish hunter, of the Shropshire hunters of Nimrod's time, of the West Country horses in our own day. In the latter case (a generation ago) the best hunters were bred from mares which had a strain of pack-horse blood, and these in their turn were no doubt partly from pony stock.

The late Mr. Merthyr Guest, who to the end of his career rode very hard over Dorsetshire, believed in a strain of Eastern (Barb or Arab) blood. The real difficulty in breeding hunters is an economic one. It does not pay, since there is no remunerative market for the horse only capable



W. A. Rouch.

RACHEL.

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of carrying a light weight, nor any market for horses under four or five years. Lord Carrington seems in his recent speech to have grasped the fact that if light horses are to be bred, we must encourage and, perhaps, subsidise the mares.

The pictures in this article are an object-lesson to us. Here we have a series of pictures truthful and characteristic of a stud of hunters which carry a Master of Hounds right up to one of the fastest packs in England, over a varied, but never easy, country. The Pytchley is one of the very best hunting countries in England whether for hounds or horses. For the former it carries a serving scent; for the latter it is practicable, except a small part round Market Harborough. There is in it sufficient variety of contour to give a horse's muscles change, while the hills are not so steep as to take the steel out of him. The fences, too, hold hounds back a little, so that a bold, quick hunter can live with the pack without overtaxing himself by galloping too fast. Mr. Oshaldeston, when he took the Pytchley in 1827, exclaimed: "I have been looking for Paradise all my life, and I have found it at last!" There is probably nothing better in England, from a fox-hunter's point of view, than the stretch of grass in the Wednesday country, of which the Hemplow is the centre and for which it is the nursery of



W. A. Rouch.

CROQUET LASS.

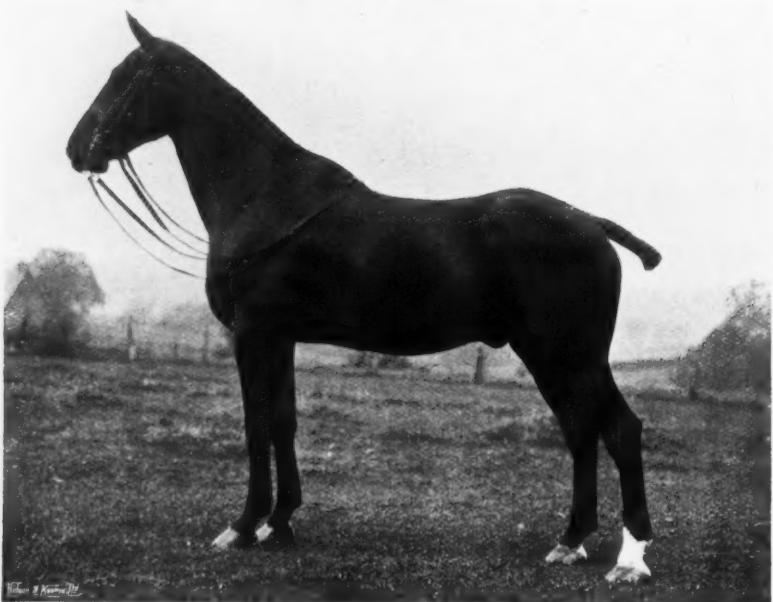
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foxes. To be able to ride right up to hounds over these historic pastures it is necessary to be mounted on a horse that can gallop fast and take his fences as they come. In Darrell we have one of Lord Annaly's favourite horses, and we can see the reasons if we look at him. Who would not delight to see those magnificently-placed shoulders in front of him, ensuring safety even when an oxer is in front? Then look at the fore legs, so set on that the horse lands with the least possible jar. The galloping quarters would drive the horse up the slope from Welford to Naseby at speed, while there is the depth of girth which ensures that heart and lungs shall work regularly. The generous eye and the easy poise of the head and neck on the shoulders tell us what a charming ride his owner must have. Then there is Rachel, a mare of rare quality and looking like pace in a grass country. Just the one to shoot ahead when a big field is let loose, to carry the Master to the front and enable him to give his huntsman room and the hounds time to make their cast. Who that has seen the Pytchley pack of to-day cast themselves at a gallop and pick up the line can forget it? Is it that the hounds have gained confidence, as they certainly have, because they know the too eager horsemen will be kept off their backs?

Then look at Croquet Lass. If one was a little tired, as a man who hunts four or five days a week must be sometimes, what an easy, restful ride she looks like giving one. But the Pytchley is not all flying grass. There are rougher sections where there is plough, and places where the going is heavy and the coverts strong, as Midland coverts go. A very sporting country is this Northampton side of the Pytchley, so good that it is only the fact of its being near such fine stretches of grass that makes people think lightly of it. Nor are the regular Pytchley men particularly anxious that the rest of the world should find out how excellent their Monday country is, what stout foxes it breeds and what a serving scent it bears. At all events, in Catthorpe we have a short-backed horse able to stay and jump from find to finish in one of the "old-fashioned" hunts which are always a new delight when they occur. Don Juan, too, looks full of sense, the kind of horse who would, if you sat still on his back and laid the reins down, hoist himself and you out of a difficulty. Then there is The Colonel, who is sure to like doing an extra turn if he is asked, the sort of horse with sense enough to creep and courage to fly. For one thing cannot be too often repeated, and that is that a horse for the shires, be the country which it may, Quorn, Cottesmore Belvoir or Pytchley, needs to be a thorough hunter. A mere flighty galloper may be suited to the Hampshire or Wiltshire downs, but he is quite out of place in the shires.

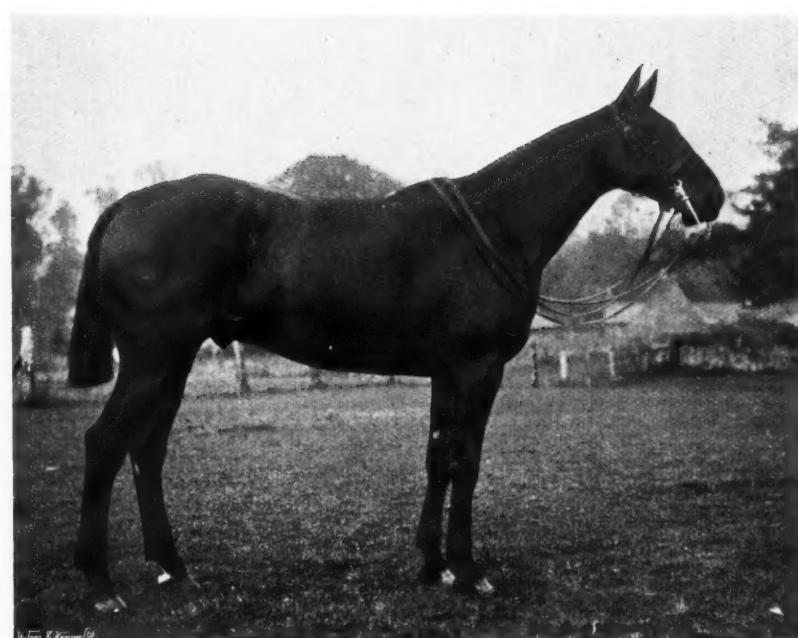
Where the difference comes in is that while there are many useful horses with relatives in the van or plough, which a natural gift for leaping renders serviceable in the provinces, in the Midlands they must have blood--as much as possible in the dam, enough to qualify for the general Stud Book in the sire. But we are passing over two horses—Patch, a delightful stamp of horse, whose praises nothing but the wholesome dread of "vain repetitions" makes me hesitate to sing, and Naylor, who might have stepped straight out of an old picture, and is of the sort our forefathers would have honoured with a steel engraving in the *Sporting Magazine* and half a page of laudatory biography.

But there is one point we must not forget. The best of horses is no better than the worst if he has not condition, and it is useless to pay long prices for horses if they stop short, like "Boadicea, by Bellerophon," under Carlton Clump. There is one man on whom much of the success of a hunt depends of whom we hear nothing, whose name we hardly know; yet if the thirty or forty horses in the hunt stables are fit and full of muscle, able to go through a long day and come out in their turn, it is the stud-groom who deserves, though he does not always receive, the credit. In the picture of Darrell is a portrait of Gibbs, Lord Annaly's stud-groom, and to him it is due in no small measure that the horses are able to do their work. The stud-grooms of the Midland Hunts are masters of their craft and understand as

well as any trainer how to bring a horse out fit. They know, too, when to keep a horse at home, half the battle in a hunting stud where one-third of the lameness among hunters arises from taking out horses which ought to have been in their boxes. X.

### A WILDFOWL POACHER.

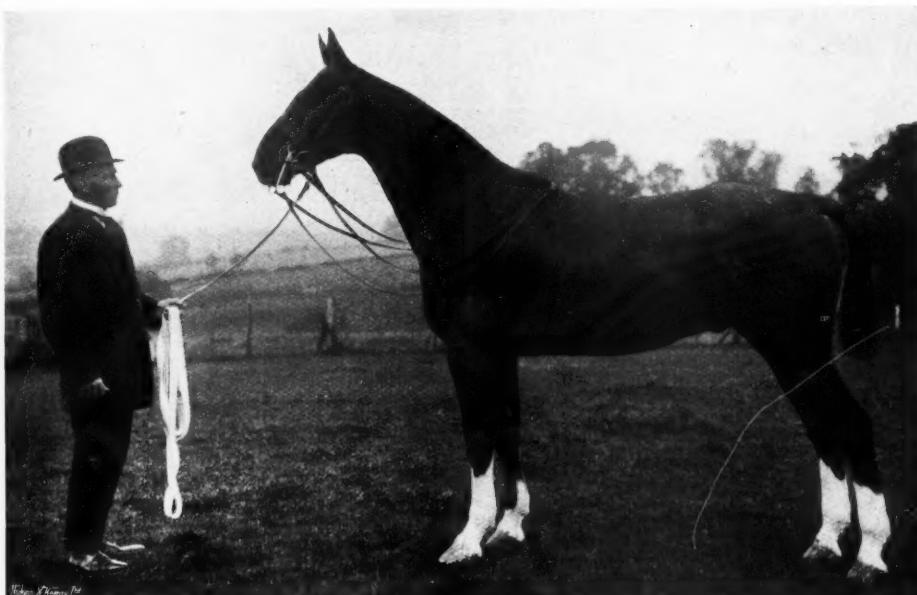
**A** QUIET hush lies over the marshes, and far away in the western sky the sun is sinking amid a halo of red. A dark figure crosses the boundary stream and drops down among some rushes hard by a little brook that threads its way in and out of the crisp brown watercresses. As the twilight deepens a shadowy form flits across the brook and alights on a miniature beach formed by the subsiding flood waters. Silently the poacher raises his gun, and a sharp report breaks the stillness. For an instant the snipe lies motionless, and rolls into the brook. Hark at that hoarse quacking away up the river! Here they come! Just beyond the tall poplars and with necks outstretched three ducks pass swiftly overhead. There is a single report, and then what a crash the leader makes as it falls on the hard frozen ground! Darker and darker grows the night; but still the poacher waits, looking intently up the brook towards the fading sunset. At last, with a rush of wings, two ducks splash down just behind a bend, and the poacher's head sinks lower among the rushes. The fowl are "bibbling" among the weeds, while ever and anon a hoarse quack sounds startlingly close. Now a dark object is coming round the bend, and slowly the gun is raised. The mallard scents danger too late in that weird shape among



W. A. Rouch.

PATCH.

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W. A. Rouch. GIBBS, THE STUD-GROOM, WITH DARRELL

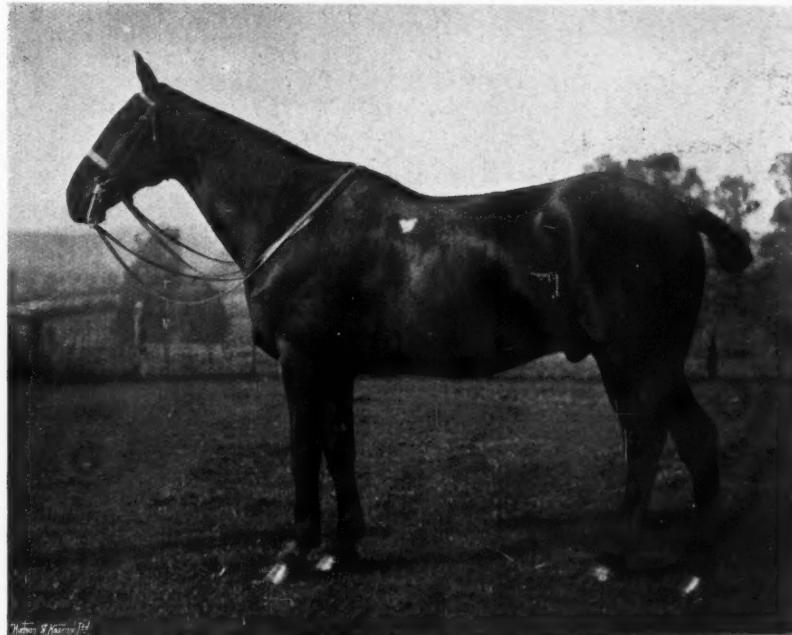
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the rushes, and the stillness is broken by a loud report. Quack! quack! the duck rises and vanishes into the mist; but on the edge of the brook lies a mallard with its head stretched limply across the weeds. The poacher gathers his mallard and sets out for the boundary, where he is soon enveloped in the gathering mist. Long before daybreak the next morning our poacher steps briskly out into the keen frosty air. Once he stops to listen as some ducks pass high overhead, and again as a covey of partridges rise with a loud whirr of wings. Arrived at the boundary, he draws out a clay pipe to while away the time till daybreak with a smoke. At length, when the light grows stronger, the poacher crosses the boundary and makes for the hall brook. Walking quietly along, with his gun ready, he fixes his eyes on the mist in front.

Scape! A snipe rises and twists away to the left, but with a beautiful quick shot the bird is grassed. The next snipe, an easier shot, is missed, and later a duck is surprised round a bend. No chances can be given in the mist, and ere the duck has cleared the brook it is riddled with No. 6. Fain would the poacher continue his way along the brook; but prudence compels him to return to the boundary before the friendly mist shall clear. Then comes a fall of snow, and the poacher notes where hares have crossed over from the neighbouring preserves. The moon is favourable, and after tea he sets out, gathering a bundle of hay which is deposited under the lee of a high gorse bush. Huddled up on the warm, dry hay, the poacher gazes dreamily across the dull white landscape; yet always listening. A patterning noise on the frozen snow causes the poacher to grip his gun, but it is only a rat. Now a dark dim object appears across the snow and stops for an instant on the river bank; but the hare sees nothing save the dark outline of the gorse, and thus reassured she crosses the ice.

Bang! bang! But the hare still keeps on her course, and races away to the gorse, where she is lost to view. This poacher of ours has a wonderfully observant eye. Not a mark on the snow made by bird or animal escapes his notice, and prowling round by the river one evening he discovers the footprints of an otter. The tracks lead from the river to an osier-bed, while the remains of a large roach are found near a "wake" in the frozen river; but this night, and the two following nights, the poacher meets with no luck, for the otter does not come. On the fourth night he is watching the moon rising dimly in the eastern sky, when a curious blowing noise comes from the wake in the river. Now a dark form appears on the bank, and taking careful aim, the poacher fires. The otter spins round and round, clawing the snow, and then lies motionless. Emerging from behind the gorse, the poacher steps quickly across the snow, and there we leave him—with the fallen king of the river.

A huge flood follows the breaking up of the sharp weather, and when the water subsides, the hall marshes afford a splendid flighting-ground for ducks. But the lord of the manor is home, and a fusillade rings out nightly on the marshes near the hall. Our poacher contents himself with waiting just beyond the boundary, and trusts that the hall gunners will not venture



W. A. Rouch.

LORD ANNALY'S NAYLOR.

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so far. Put one evening as he moors his punt among the rushes, two gunners cross the boundary, and one is instantly recognised—the head-keeper. Fortunately they walk across to a gateway without noticing the punt, which is well concealed in a reedy dyke. The poacher lies flat in his punt, and hears shot whizz overhead, while often the wild ducks pass by with a shrill whistling of pinions. He, however, conceives a plan by which the hall gunners may be outwitted. Each evening he conceals a small saw on his person and hides in an alder carr within view of the spot where they must cross the boundary stream. (They come from the hall by road.) The only means of getting across is by some rails over the boundary stream, and, owing to the recent flood, the bottom rail is now under water. (There are only two rails.) The poacher feels confident that the keeper will shortly pay another visit to the boundary, and at last three gunners, this time, are observed in the distance. Having seen them safely across, the poacher waits till dusk, and then emerges from his hiding-place. Creeping along the rails, he halts by the centre post and saws the bottom rail nearly through, just beyond the post. Then he returns to his hiding-place to await further events. Presently they return to the boundary, and the poacher draws as near as prudence will allow. He hears a crash and a series of splashes, which tell him one of the gunners has come to grief. The poacher awaits their next move with interest, but apparently the broken rail is too difficult an object to be surmounted. How the unfortunate trio journey back to the hall—a journey, too, that is difficult even in daylight—is a matter of conjecture; but the poacher is satisfied, inasmuch as they trouble the boundary no more.

UBIQUE.

## JOHN LEE & HIS APPLES

**T**HREE is only one man in the place can beat me. His name? Oh, it's John Lee, of Higher Bebington in Cheshire." The scene was at a large provincial fruit and flower show, and the speaker was bemoaning his hard luck that practically every prize for apples had gone to his opponent. "Was this an unusual stroke of luck, was he a regular exhibitor, and did he always rake in all the prizes as he had just done?" "Yes; he was to be found at all the big shows, and his success was phenomenal every year."

Shortly after the above the writer found himself in the vicinity of this wonderful apple-grower, and on calling and expressing a desire to "look round" was received with open arms. Mr. Lee is a man past the prime of life and, he

admits, not as active as he once was. Of medium height and sturdy build, he has been practically the maker of his own fortune. By trade a builder, his sterling qualities brought him many contracts, and he rapidly gathered a business around him of considerable importance, which to-day is carried on by his sons, while he devotes his leisure to the cultivation of fruit and the gratification of other kindred tastes; though, as he will tell you, it is only four years since he planted his first trees, all coming from Herefordshire, many hundreds of them, and of every known variety that is worth the growing. The village of Bebington is, as the crow flies, some three miles from Liverpool, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey. Close by are the Storeton Woods and quarries, the latter well known to the geologist for the number of impressions of the footprints of the Cheirotherium lately found there, and the Mecca of many learned societies. Gently rising from the river, the apex of the hill is crowned by a range of pine woods which give considerable shelter from the prevailing west winds. The whole district is yellow sandstone covered with

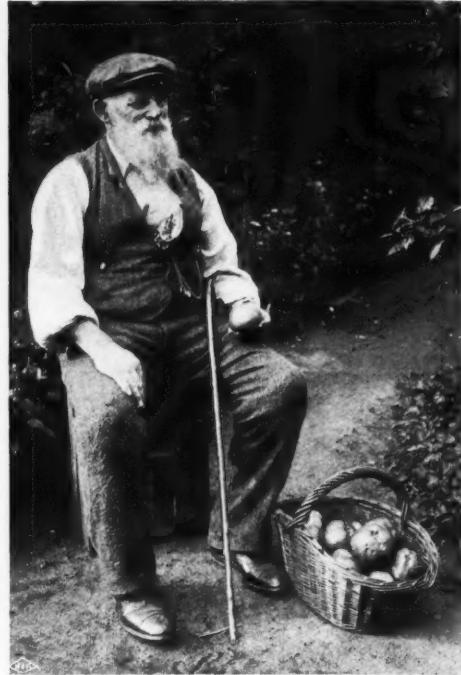
a few feet of rich soil. It is under the shelter of these woods we find Mr. Lee's orchards, an ideal site, with a gentle fall, just enough to ensure perfect drainage, sufficient surface soil for his purpose, and underneath sandstone enabling him to keep the roots of his trees well under control.

To those who associate the size of a plant with that of its fruit Mr. Lee's trees will come as a disappointment, there being few over 6ft. high, and many of them considerably less. They are planted just sufficiently far apart to allow free movement between them. Accustomed to seek our apples towards the top of the tree, we find, under Mr. Lee's guidance, the process considerably reversed, branches bending beneath their burden of fruit only 2ft. from the ground. Another surprise we experience is the very drastic way the knife is used. Though no believer in summer pruning, he does it sufficiently early in the autumn to allow the sap on its way back, as he naively expresses it, to visit and strengthen the fruit-buds of the next year; so during September, while still bearing, all the new wood is cut back to within two or three eyes of the parent branch, reminding one somewhat of the plants in a tomato-house when fruiting is well advanced. Mr. Lee is essentially a modest man, and claims no particular skill for his Brobdingnagian apples—they grow, and he gathers them, just as he would his potatoes or cabbages; but one notices a twinkle in the corner of his eye which belies the childlike simplicity of his countenance as he makes the statement. Of course, he is not going to give his secrets away, but he admits that he believes in plenty of rich top-dressing and during the dry season a plentiful and frequent watering with manure water. In our tour through his orchards it was not long before we discovered that our guide was essentially of a generous nature, his "Try this one," "How do you like the flavour of that?" or, "Put this in your pocket" being almost embarrassing by their repetition. Situated as his trees are adjacent to a village, with its usual supply of juvenile marauders, and protected by only the flimsiest of fences, we were struck with his immunity from theft, until we discovered that he carried his generosity even to the camp of his juvenile and hereditary foes by giving them many a pocketful and so bribing them to be honest. The blackbirds do much harm, and it is necessary to protect selected specimens from their depredations by a covering of coarse muslin, as shown in one of the photographs.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Lee's successes come only from the apple world. At a recent local show, where from thirty classes he took the same number of prizes, his exhibits comprised British ferns, greenhouse plants and vegetables. As a breeder



A BUSH APPLE TREE



THE GROWER.

of fancy and domestic poultry he is prepared to hold his own with anybody, and at the last Wirral Agricultural Show did he not carry off the Champion Rose Bowl for the best local turnout with his wonderful trotting mare? Truly a man of many parts!

G. A. CARRUTHERS.

## IN THE GARDEN

### NOTES ON THE PAST SUMMER.

**I**N a note sent to the writer from a Berkshire garden are some particulars of the past summer which may interest those who delight in flowers: "The summer of 1907 has been in many ways most trying in the garden, not only among the fruit, but also the flowers. However, it has had its bright side, for some plants have done exceptionally well. Among these are the Begonias, both tuberous and fibrous rooted, especially the former, which have flowered freely the whole summer. Even at the time of writing (October 20th), in spite of drenching rains, they are carrying a quantity of fine blooms. Fuchsias have been a success and in great beauty the whole summer, and now, as we are taking them up to house for the winter, they are laden with flowers. Here a large number of Fuchsias are grown in pots and plunged in groups. In this way the flowers are seen to much better advantage than when massed in beds. *Calceolaria* Burbridgei used in the same way has been covered with masses of its soft yellow blooms, and is still laden from the ground to the top of the plants, which are over 5ft. high. Hydrangeas (the *hortensis* varieties), plunged in large pots in groups, have bloomed remarkably well the whole summer, and the flowers have been exceptionally fine. They are still so gay that one feels sorry to disturb them; but here the frost cripples the flowering wood, making it unwise to leave them out after this date. The hybrids of *Cardinalis* and *Victoria* *Lobelias* are lovely, and deserve to be grown extensively for grouping. They have been flowering freely for many weeks, and are still in beauty. *Salvia splendens grandiflora* is still covered with its brilliant scarlet flowers. *Heliotropes* grown as large bushes and as standards about 4ft. high have done well, but are now spoilt by drenching rains and rough winds. I have found nearly all the scented Geraniums bloom very freely, provided the seed-pods are picked off. This summer they have far exceeded the beauty of the Ivy-leaved and zonal varieties, which have been quite spoilt on many occasions by rain. *Nicotianas* (Tobaccos) have done well, especially the *Sanderas* and *affinis* hybrids, but the leaves of *N. sylvestris* have been blemished at times by wind, otherwise it is a nob'e plant. *Swansonias* are fine plants in large beds; they have stood the rain well, and the flowers have looked fresh and bright, in spite of the wet, dull weather. *Dimorphotheca Ecklonii* is a very telling plant during the day; the large snow-white flowers, with dark centre, make it extremely effective on sunny days. *Arctotis aureola* grown as a specimen in pots and plunged out has been remarkably fine this season, the beautiful grey leaves and bright orange Daisy-like flowers making it a plant to be admired by all lovers of choice flowers. *Marguerite Queen Alexandra*, in spite of wet and dull weather, has thrown up its large pure white flowers in the greatest profusion the whole of the summer; it is a grand plant for summer bedding. *Pansies* have flowered very freely this summer, and delighted in the sunless weather. Many favourite bedding plants have done very badly this season, and, had it not been for a glorious September, they would have failed."

### SENECIO CLIVORUM.

We have been much interested this autumn in the wonderful *Senecio Clivorum* in the Royal Gardens, Kew. It is one of the many flowers discovered by Mr. Wilson when travelling in China for Messrs. Veitch and Sons of Chelsea. It is quite a recent introduction; but such a plant will not long remain rare, possessing great strength of growth with a mass of golden flowers of stately beauty, particularly when the plants are in bold groups, such as at Kew. As a rule it grows between 5ft. and 6ft. in height and as much across, and is therefore out of place in the ordinary border. It is appropriate by water-side, in the woodland where the soil is not dry, and, as suggested, in a group. A single plant will make a brave show, but the golden glow is richer when a thousand flowers disturb the shades of green in the surrounding woodland.

### RANDOM NOTES.

*Rose G. Nabonnand*.—We must again record the beauty of this Rose in autumn. A bed of twenty-five plants is now (November 8th) yielding sufficient flowers to fill a large bowl in the house, and the beauty of the colouring is indescribable. When the large, open, exquisitely-shaped flowers are bathed in mist or dew, the



COX'S ORANGE PIPPIN.

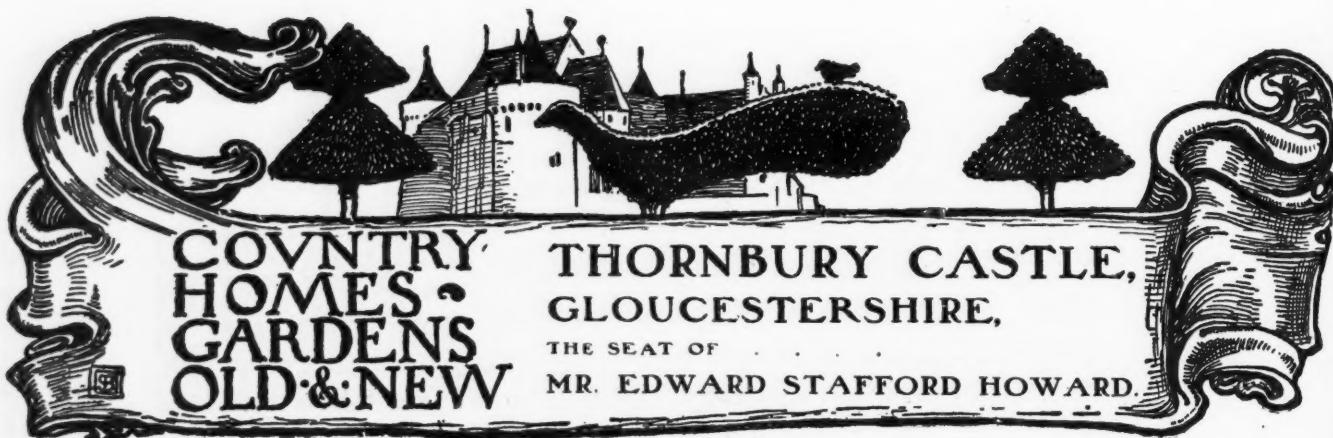
soft pink and creamy tints are worthy of the painter's art. The writer is not acquainted with a painting of *G. Nabonnand* Rose, though many other varieties have been depicted by our great flower painters; but this appeals to us as one of the most tender in shade and subtle in form of the whole of its famous race in the world of Roses—the Tea.

*A New Barberry*.—We owe a debt of deep gratitude to Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons of Chelsea for introducing so many beautiful new plants from China. Some novelty is nearly always to be seen at the fortnightly meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, and on a recent occasion in a most interesting group occurred a new Barberry, named *Berberis Wilsonae*. It received the rare distinction of a first-class certificate. It came from Central China, and is distinguished by arching branches on which the soft coral red berries appear in profusion. The plants shown were small, but probably it will grow into the same grace and to the same height as *B. Darwini* and *B. stenophylla*. Though having much of the character of those exquisite shrubs, it is quite distinct.

*A New Golden Elm*.—When visiting Messrs. Dickson's nurseries on the outskirts of Chester recently, we were much interested in a new Golden Cornish Elm, which is being distributed for the first time this autumn. It originated in the Chester nurseries, and the raisers' description is quite accurate. In growth and hardiness of constitution it resembles its parent, the Cornish Elm, being very free and upright. The colour of the foliage is a clear glowing yellow, and is very constant, being retained till late in autumn, long after that of other coloured foliated trees and shrubs; in fact, until the leaves fall. We have no hesitation in saying that it is by far the finest golden deciduous tree yet introduced, and will be found indispensable for planting either as single specimens for parks or for groups in the woodland and avenues.



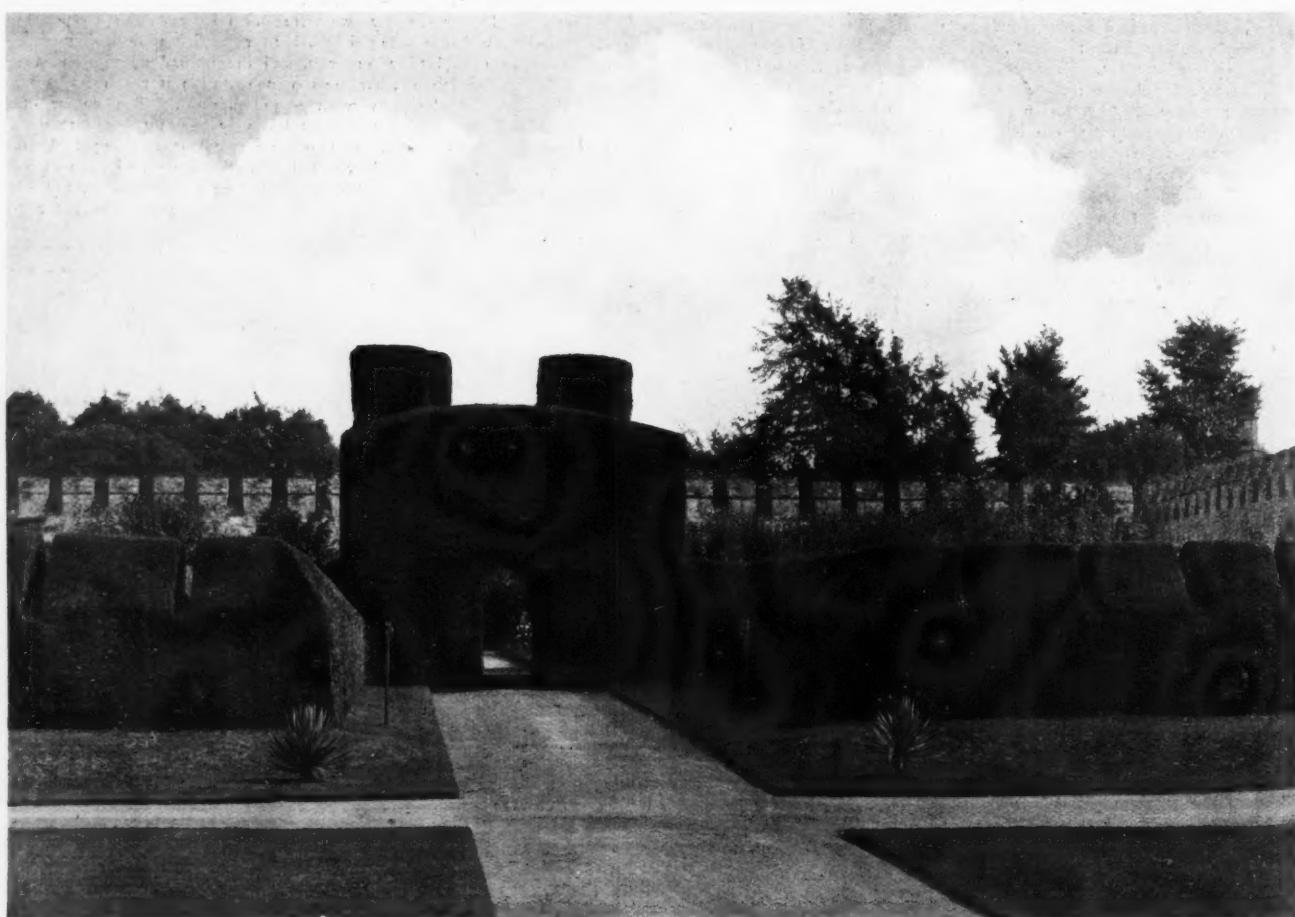
SOME OF JOHN LEE'S RIBSTON PIPPINS.



**T**HORNBURY is a pleasant, quiet market town in Gloucestershire, lying some ten miles north of Bristol on the way to Gloucester. The high road, however, after entering, soon turns to the right and deserts the long High Street, which then silently descends to where the church and castle stand on the edge of the low-lying lands that stretch down to Severn's side. The castle has almost more history than stones, for the former includes the story of a series of owners whose lives and deaths are writ large in our mediaeval annals, while of the latter it was the smaller portion only which ever got into position, and of these many are now gone. Yet we shall find that a description of it written nearly four centuries ago will pretty well serve as our guide to-day, and it remains in its splendid conception a monument of what an ambitious builder sought to achieve in King Hal's sumptuous days, and in its sad incompleteness a lasting evidence of one of that King's blackest deeds.

The Domesday record is by no means the genesis of Thornbury's known history, as it is of so many manors—if, indeed, they are traceable even so far back. Aylward, "called Snow because of his fair complexion," held Torneberie in the days of Athelstan, whom tradition names his cousin. "The lord Aylward died, 980, and ascending into Heaven was buried at Cranbourn in nascery leaving a son named the Lord Alfgar." For forty years did Alfgar rule, not only over Thornbury, but over vast estates stretching from Worcestershire to Cornwall; and then he was succeeded by his son Berthric, with whose

coming we enter into the region of more definite history, and with whose going we meet the first of the many tragedies which have befallen Thornbury's lords. To reach the cause of this one we must adopt the French maxim *cherchez la femme*. We find that in the Confessor's days Berthric was ambassador at the Court of Baldwin of Flanders. Here his fair face and shapely form sowed the seeds of love in the heart of the count's daughter Matilda; but her none too modest and maidenly approaches were coldly met by the Englishman, who, to escape her importunities, hastily crossed the sea and came home—a proceeding which may have been in accordance with the rules of the Confessor's foreign office, but would certainly be a breach of those of to-day. Yet the modern penalty for such hasty desertion of a diplomatic post would be as nothing compared to that which Berthric was ultimately called upon to pay; he had entangled himself in the web of fate from which there was to be no escape. Rejected by him, Matilda accepted the hand of William of Normandy, and William conquered England. Thus Berthric lay prostrate at a vengeful woman's feet; his broad acres were forfeited, and the larger part, including Thornbury, fell to the share of Matilda herself. This, however, was insufficient salve to sooth her unforgiving spirit, and she had him seized while he was at the consecration of a church he had built, and threw him into prison at Winchester. There he laid his bones and ended his line. As part of the great Honour of Gloucester, Thornbury passed in the next reign to Robert FitzHamon, the victor of South Wales, whose conquest of Glamorgan with his companions offered a fair field for much



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BATTLEMENTS OF STONE AND YEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Nov. 16th, 1907.]



SOUTH, OR GARDEN, FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

history of a legendary kind. His only daughter carried his possessions to Henry I.'s son by the fair Nesta of Wales. He became Earl of Gloucester, and was the foremost champion of the rights of his half-sister, the Empress Maud, against King Stephen's rule. The great Norman barons were better at conquering and acquiring lands than at raising up sons to inherit them, and eventually Robert of Gloucester's titles and lordships passed through his granddaughter, Alicia, to the house of Clare, which played a leading part in English history in the days of Magna Charta and of Simon de Montfort. In the case of the Clares also the male line soon failed, and twice an heiress inherited before Thornbury first called a Stafford its lord, when in 1347 it came to the ancestor of its future builder. Ralph, son of Edward, Lord de Stafford of Drayton, was born as the thirteenth century closed, and the third quarter of the fourteenth had nearly run its course ere he ended his active and successful career. The feats of arms of himself and of his brother find full record in Froissart's pages, and soon after Crecy was fought and the great Clare inheritance had fallen in, he was raised to the Earldom of Stafford, the Gloucester title being now reserved for Royal blood. Neither from Clares nor from the earlier Staffords did Thornbury get much attention. They dwelt in other of their many castles, of which Tonbridge in Kent seems to have been the favourite; and here Earl Ralph died in 1373, and was buried, as most of the family had been or were to be, at the priory of Stone in Staffordshire, of which his ancestor had been the founder and he himself a benefactor. His son and successor, Hugh, however, must have made Thornbury his occasional home, for not only did he build the south aisle of the church, but he drew up a "Customs of the Manor of Thornbury," which is still at the castle. In his day began that series of violent deaths which became characteristic of the house of Stafford. His young son was barbarously murdered by one of Richard II.'s half-brothers, and he himself thereupon went on Crusade, whence he never returned. Two others of his sons succeeded and died almost in their teens; and then followed a third, who fell fighting against Hotspur on Shrewsbury field. He left a son of two years of age to succeed not only to the Stafford title and possessions, but eventually to much also on his mother's side. She was daughter and heiress of Edward III.'s youngest son, Thomas Duke of Gloucester, whose second title had been Earl of Buckingham. By this name was Humphrey Stafford called after his mother's death in 1438, and a few years later he set the

coveted strawberry leaves round his coronet. The quiet enjoyment of his wealth and position was, however, a thing impossible in his day. The suspicious death of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester in 1447 fanned those smouldering embers of discontent and disorder whose raging fire was to envelop and destroy the majority of England's great families before the heavy foot of the Tudor kings stamped it out. In Gloucester's death Buckingham is said to have had a hand. He certainly profited by it, and obtained his Kentish estates, including Penshurst, where, as well as at Maxstoke Castle which he obtained from the de Clintons by exchange, he often resided. He sided with Suffolk till the latter's murder in 1450, and was then of Queen Margaret's party and opposed to the Yorkist faction. Both sides were arming and engaging extra retainers, who wore the livery and badges of the leading houses. We are not, therefore, surprised to hear of so wealthy and potent a man as Buckingham—who had now got himself recognised as premier duke—that in 1454 he ordered "to be made M<sup>l</sup>.M<sup>l</sup> bendes with knottes, to what entent man may construe as their wittes wole yeve theym." The knot was the favourite badge of the Staffords, and our pictures reveal it carved on chimney, on gateway and on door frame, together with many others which inheritance and kinship had brought to the family ere Duke Humphrey's great-grandson took to building. The 2,000 bends with knots ordered in 1454 came into play the following year, but victory did not declare itself on their side. At the battle of St. Albans Buckingham's son and heir was mortally wounded, and he himself was "hurt with an arrowe in his vysage" and fled into the Abbey. He thus lived to fight another day, but that day was the field of Northampton, fought in 1460, which put King Henry into the Yorkist hands, Duke Humphrey's body being afterwards found among a heap of slain near the King's tent. His infant grandson, Henry, was brought up at Edward IV.'s Court, and married a sister of that sovereign's queen. His mother, as heiress of the Beauforts, Dukes of Somerset, brought him added possessions and a further strain of Royal blood. Well, then, might he gain the title of "High reaching Buckingham," and, his pretensions as the greatest of the old nobility being irreconcilable with the ambitions of the upstart relatives of Edward's queen, he deserted the side of that king's sons and of his own Wydvile connections and joined Richard Crouchback in 1483. "He was neither unlearned, and of nature marvellously well spoken," and his speech a the Guildhall no doubt helped to move the citizens in Richard's favour



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THE GREAT BAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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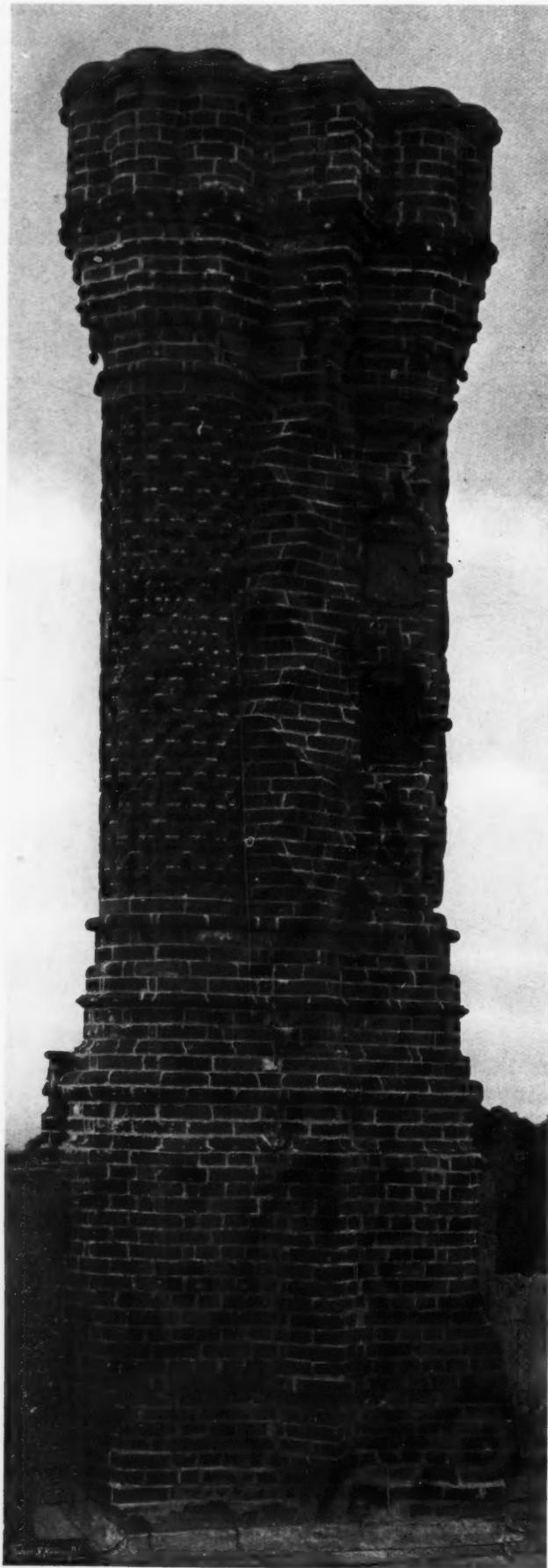
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PART OF THE SOUTH FRONT

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and gain him the crown. But fair words did not avail to save Buckingham himself, when, a few months later, he turned against the king he had made, but could not get the wearers of the knot to stand by him in his peril. His own retainer betrayed him as he hid on his Maxstoke estate, and his head was severed from his body without the formality of a trial. His attainder did not long depress the fortunes of his boy-successor, for the battle of Bosworth set on the throne the representative of the family for which Duke Humphrey had fought and died, and the nephew of



*BACK OF CHIMNEY-STACK (COURTYARD SIDE).*



*BACK OF CHIMNEY-STACK (GARDEN SIDE).*

the boy's mother, whose second husband was Jasper Tudor, Duke of Bedford. Thus Edward Stafford, third Duke of Buckingham, was early reinstated in the accumulated honours and estates of the family, and was long favoured by both the Tudor Henries. He was prominent in crushing the Perkin Warbeck rising, was made High Constable of England, as his father had been before him, and escorted Henry VIII.'s sister, Mary, to Paris on the occasion of her marriage with Louis XII. of France. Though Penshurst was at first his most frequented residence—there his son was born in 1501, and there he entertained his king in 1519—yet Thornbury was occasionally visited, and here the Christmas of 1507 was spent, the family remaining till after the feast of the Epiphany, when neighbouring landowners, such as the Berkeleys and the Poyntzs, were feasted, so that altogether there dined on that day 134 gentry, 188 yeomen and 197 garcons. The castle, therefore, even as the Duke inherited it, must have been roomy; but he designed that it should be transformed into the most splendid country home of his day and be the meet habitation of England's foremost nobleman. His plan consisted of an immense outer quadrangle, some 300ft. across, entered on the south from the town by a portcullised arch 14ft. in width,

Nov. 16th, 1907.]

COUNTRY LIFE.

707



OUTER WALL OF THE GARDEN GALLERIES AND CHURCH TOWER.

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'COUNTRY LIFE.'

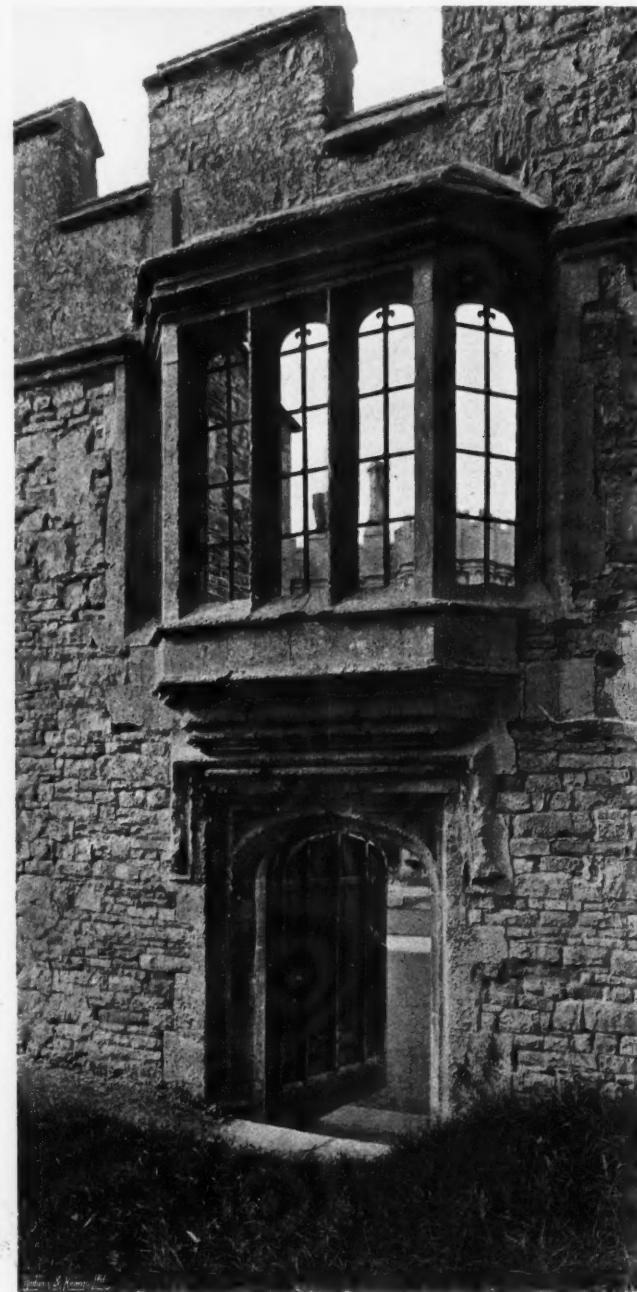
and with a similar exit to the north into the "New Park," whose 1,000 acres he obtained licence to enclose ere he began work in 1511. On three sides of this quadrangle were to rise the ranges of buildings necessary to house the retainers and horses, but the



Copyright. ARMORIAL BADGES ON DOORWAY. "C.L."

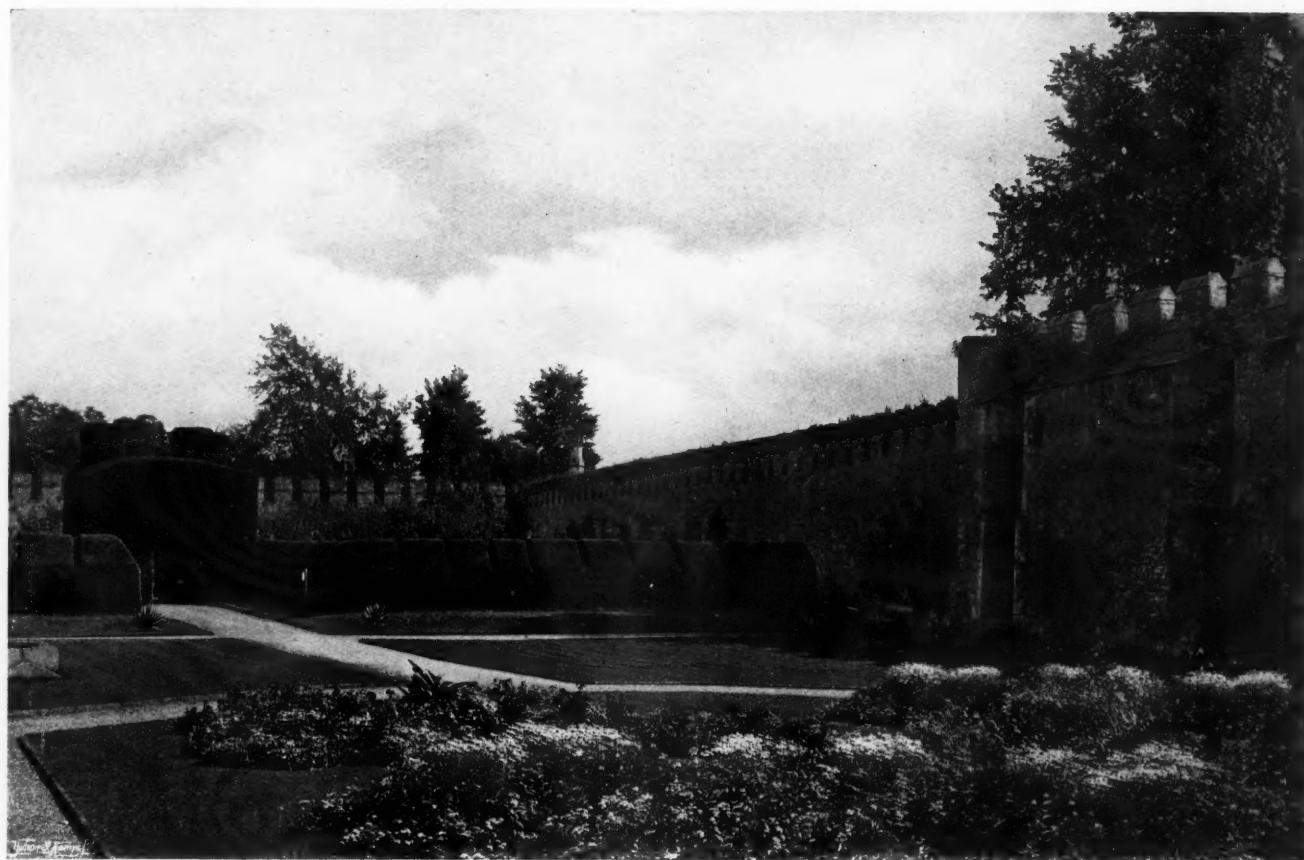
fourth or east side was occupied by the stately western front of the residential edifice, itself quadrangular with elevations of nearly 200ft. in length and containing a court 100ft. across. One picture shows this west front as it stands to-day, and much as it has stood since, on the folded ribbon above the arch of the gatehouse, were sculptured the words: "This Gateway was begun in the yere of our Lorde GOD 1511, the 2nd yere of the Reigne of Kynge Henry VIII., by me, Edward Duc of Buckingham, Erle of Hereforde, Staforde and Northampton." Only one of the towers of this front, that at the southern corner, ever reached completion, and it has now lost its crenellated parapet, though it retains its machicolis. Its fellow would have stood at the northern end, and the gatehouse would have had its archway flanked by another pair of towers, while turrets with domed tops broke the flatness of the intervening space. Most of this, as Leland wrote a score of years later, was only "accomplishyd to the first Soyle; and so it stondithe yet with a Rose forced for a tyme." Had it ever reached completion it would have presented much the appearance of Mr. Kitchin's conjectural picture. On this side, the idea of strength and formidableness was to prevail, such effect being produced not merely by the crenellation of the towers, but by the absence, on the ground floor, of all apertures wider than arrow slits, while the windows were to be of no great size. But within the court, and on the southern elevation which

opened on to the walled and galleried privy garden, a totally different scheme was to prevail. Here windows of immense size and of most ingenious and elaborate structure were to light the principal apartments, and give an airy and fantastic grace to the exterior architecture. The two great double-storeyed bays of the south front have been considered, ever since Pugin carefully illustrated and described them, the most finished and stately examples that remain to us of early Tudor domestic fenestration. The angular projections of the lower and the curved projections of the upper window of the larger bay not merely give adequate ornamentation without, but afford variety of light effects and of outlook within. The upper one was the chief window of the great chamber, and its mullioning was profusely carved with the armorial badges of the family, just as, on a smaller scale, are the jambs of a doorway downstairs, which we illustrate, and where, accompanying the Stafford knot, we find the swan, the antelope, the mantle, the thunderbolt and many others. The great chamber and the dining chamber next to it were of the full breadth of the "new building," and had plainer bay windows looking into the court, and between these bays—or what is left of them—rises the finest of the moulded brick chimney-stacks for which Thornbury is celebrated. Here, as the detailed picture of the back shows, is the knot enfolding shields of arms, and also appearing as a diagonal band amid the quartrefoiling. Below the stack, on the front side, appears the date 1514, by which time, no doubt, this



Copyright. DOORWAY & BAY IN CHURCHYARD. "C.L."

side of the quadrangle was becoming habitable. Yet even five years later it is not at Thornbury but at Penshurst that the Duke entertains the King, whom, in 1520, he accompanies to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. On his return from abroad, Thornbury



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*A "GOODLY GARDEYN TO WALK YNNE."*

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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*GARDEN GALLERY WALL FROM CHURCHYARD.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

saw much of him, and hence in the spring of 1521 he was fetched away to his doom. There was, probably, nothing either strong or admirable in his character. Like his father, he was vain and arrogant, hot-headed and rash. The ejection of freeholders and copyholders from their lands when they were in the way of the Duke's new park, sheds some light upon his unpopularity. "The Inhabitants cursyd the Duke for thes lands so inclosyd." Also like his father, he seems to have lacked the power of arousing loyalty among his retainers. It was Knyvett his steward and Gilbert his chancellor who were willing witnesses against him. Centring in his own person so many extinct families, and marrying himself and his children into the foremost of the remaining ones—Perries, Howards, Nevilles and Poles—he represented the views of the nobility, and was their somewhat imprudent spokesman on the subject of their exclusion from power, which more and more was being vested in the hands of new men like Wolsey. But discontent on the part of near relations to the throne had, in the past century, proved too disturbing to the occupant thereof for Henry or Wolsey to allow such danger to brew. Buckingham, the richest of Englishmen and one of the nearest to the throne, had many flatterers who fed his vanity and ambition. Even under Henry VII. it had been said that "he was a nobleman and wold be a ryal ruler," and he was at no pains to disguise from his *entourage* his anger and his grievances, his merits and his claims. "If ought but good comes to the King the duke of Buckingham should be next in blood to succeed to the crowne," was the kind of language he used at Thornbury to his intimates such as his son-in-law of Westmorland. Nothing very heinous, we should say now, but, then, enough to use as a handle against one it was desired to be rid of. Such talk was anonymously reported by Gilbert to Wolsey, who had no wish to screen the arrogant Duke from whom he had suffered many a slight. He reported the matter to the King. Henry decided that his former friend and favourite was getting annoying and was best removed. During the winter of 1521 he himself perused documents and examined witnesses, and when enough colourable matter was collected to serve as evidence in a trial of which the verdict was already decided, he sent to Thornbury for the Duke. It was not many days before his head fell on Tower Hill. After his execution he needed to be "disgraced" of the Order of the Garter, a ceremony no doubt done with dignity and seriousness, and yet which sounds much like a game of football down Windsor Street. It began, in the choir of St. George's Chapel, by Somerset Herald

"violently casting down his Creste, his banner and his sworde," after which the officers of arms, accompanied by a posse of marquesses and earls, "spurned his sayde hatchment with their fete out of the quire into the body of the Church; first the sworde and then the banner, and then was the Crest spurned out of the sayd quire through the Church out of the West doores, and so to the bridge where it was spurned down into the ditche." The estates passed to the Crown, and Henry retained Thornbury, where he and Anne Boleyn spent ten days, instead of at Bristol, which the plague rendered undesirable.

Its "Maior and Comonaltie," however, sent a deputation to present "tenne fat oxen and fortie shepe towards his hospitalitie" to the King, and to the Queen a silver-gilt covered cup with a hundred marks in it; but, like prudent business men, they obtained a promise that if ever she came into Bristol she would expect no further gift. No sooner, therefore, was the Duke's "treason" declared by his compliant fellow-peers than commissioners were sent down to survey, and it is their report of May, 1521, which shows us the comparatively slight change which long neglect and decay wrought on the unfinished castle. Much of the "utterwarde" is taken and brought up nigh to laying on a floor." Passing into the "ynnerwarde" they find "the South side is fully fynished w<sup>t</sup> curious workes and stately Loggings," but the west and north sides "be but buylde to oon chamb're height," while "the Este side conteyning the Hail and other howses of Office is all of the oolde buylding and of an homely facon." Much of the "homely" house of his ancestors, where he had entertained in 1507, Duke Edward had removed for his "Newbuilding," but the east side he clearly left standing for the convenience of using the old hall until the rest was finished and one more sumptuous could take its place. Of this ancient east side no stone remains, but of "howses of office," which continued on the north side, much is standing, including an enormous vaulted oven, now

used as a two-stall stable. More interesting still than the commissioners' report on the house is their report on the garden and grounds, of which their description together with our illustrations permits us to have an inkling of what a Tudor garden was like. "On the south Side of the said ynnerwarde is a proper garden, and about the same a goodly Galery conveying above and beneath from the principall loggings booth to the Chapell and P'ishe Churche, the utterpart of the said gallery being of stoon im battled and the ynner parte of tymbre covered w<sup>t</sup> Slate." The stone embattled outer part still stands,



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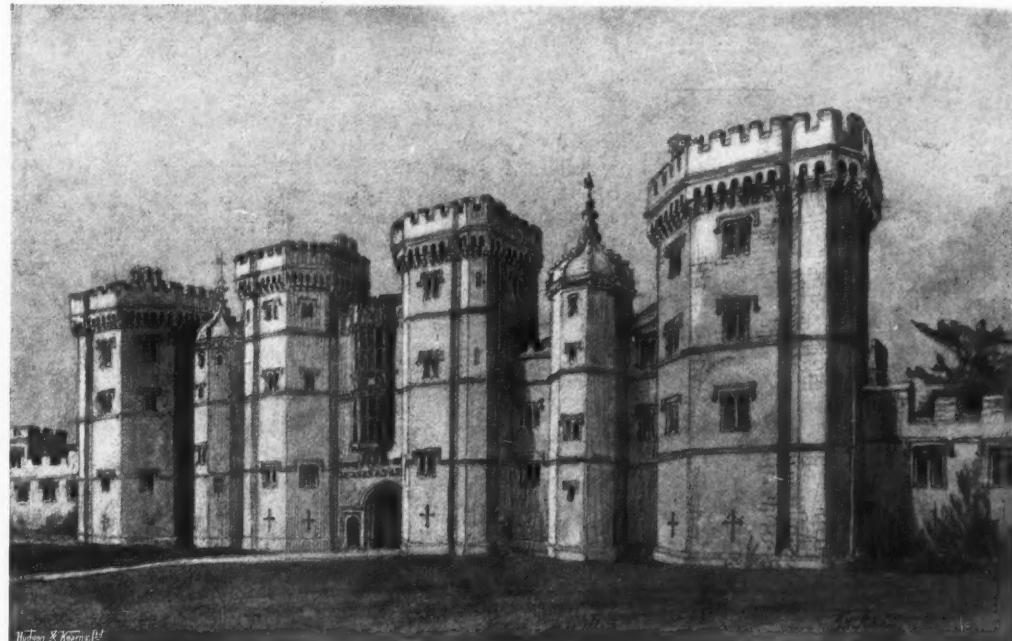
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## THE UNFINISHED WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and appears in several of our illustrations. At the corner of the view of the south front it is seen joining the tower, and the ivy does not quite obscure the first floor doorway out of the tower into the upper timber gallery. The windows of this outer part look on to the great entrance court, but after a rooft, run it reaches the churchyard and turns at right angles along it for 150ft. The two bay windows of this section show well in the view from the churchyard, and under the central gable is the doorway which gave into the gallery stretching across the churchyard and terminating in the angle formed by the chancel and the north chapel, where the vestry now stands, but where Leland found "a fair Room with a Chimney and a Window into the said church where the Duke sometimes used to hear Service in the same church." The eastern return of the galleries from the outer part to the "Newbuilding," to which doorways admitted on both storeys, was probably wholly of timber, as the space beyond was protected, and contained "a goodly gardeyn to walk ynne closed with high walles im battled." These walls remain, and the garden, with its fine yew arbour and hedge, is still goodly to walk in. Of the remainder of the ducal grounds there is now no trace; we have the description only. "Beside the same privie gardeyn is a large and a goodly orchard full of younge graftes well loden w<sup>t</sup> frute, many roses, and other pleasures; and in the same orchard ar many goodly alies to walke ynne oppenly; and rounde aboute the same orchard is covered on a good height, other goodly alies with roosting places coverde thoroughly with white thorne and hasill." The tall fencing of sawn pales which divided the orchard from the new park—into which "divers posterns in sundry places" gave entry—would prevent any view from the level. Hence the raised alleys and the arbours. The garden at Hampton Court

—which Wolsey was building at the same time that the Duke was at work on Thornbury—likewise had mounts and arbours, and they were the then recognised means of seeing forth over the high enclosures of gardens and orchards still called for by the necessity for security, as much as by the desire for shelter and privacy. The "New Parke"—once "frutefull of Corne," for ejection from which the manor tenants had received "noe recompence"—had evidently been made merely to enjoy the luxury of commencing the chase at the gateway of the outer court, for it joined on to Marlwood, an older park, "conteyning nigh about ij myles," and not far off was Estewood, originally of small area, "but Duke Edward at 2 tymes enlargyd it to the compace of 6 myles not without many Curses of the poore Tenaunts," as was still remembered when Leland was at Thornbury twenty years after the Duke had died a traitor's death, and his son Henry was living the life of a poor country gentleman.



CONJECTURAL COMPLETION OF THE WEST FRONT.

Under Edward VI., however, he was granted the barony of Stafford, Parliament rejecting his petition for the restitution of the dukedom on the ground of his poverty. Under Mary, Thornbury was restored to him, but neither he nor his successors reached wealth or eminence. The male line ended in 1637, and the heiress carried the Stafford ill-luck to her Howard husband. He was the Viscount Stafford of Charles II.'s time, who with four other Catholic peers was thrown into the Tower in 1678, on the perjured testimony of Titus Oates. "Two years later, the impeachment of these Catholic lords was revived, and it was determined to make Viscount Stafford, who from his age and infirmities was least able to defend himself, the first victim. . . . He died with firmness, and the populace, who had exulted at his condemnation, were melted to tears at the fortitude he displayed on the scaffold." This was the last of the Stafford tragedies, and nearly the last of the Stafford line. The ducal branch of the Howards purchased Thornbury in 1727. In 1824 it came to Henry Howard of Greystoke, a nephew of the twelfth Duke of Norfolk. He raised it from its totally ruined condition and left it, in 1875, to his second son, Edward Stafford Howard, who carefully guards and treasures this most interesting and historic building, so that even now (to again quote old Leland) it "remaynthe a token of a noble peace of worke purposid."

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## FROM THE FARMS.

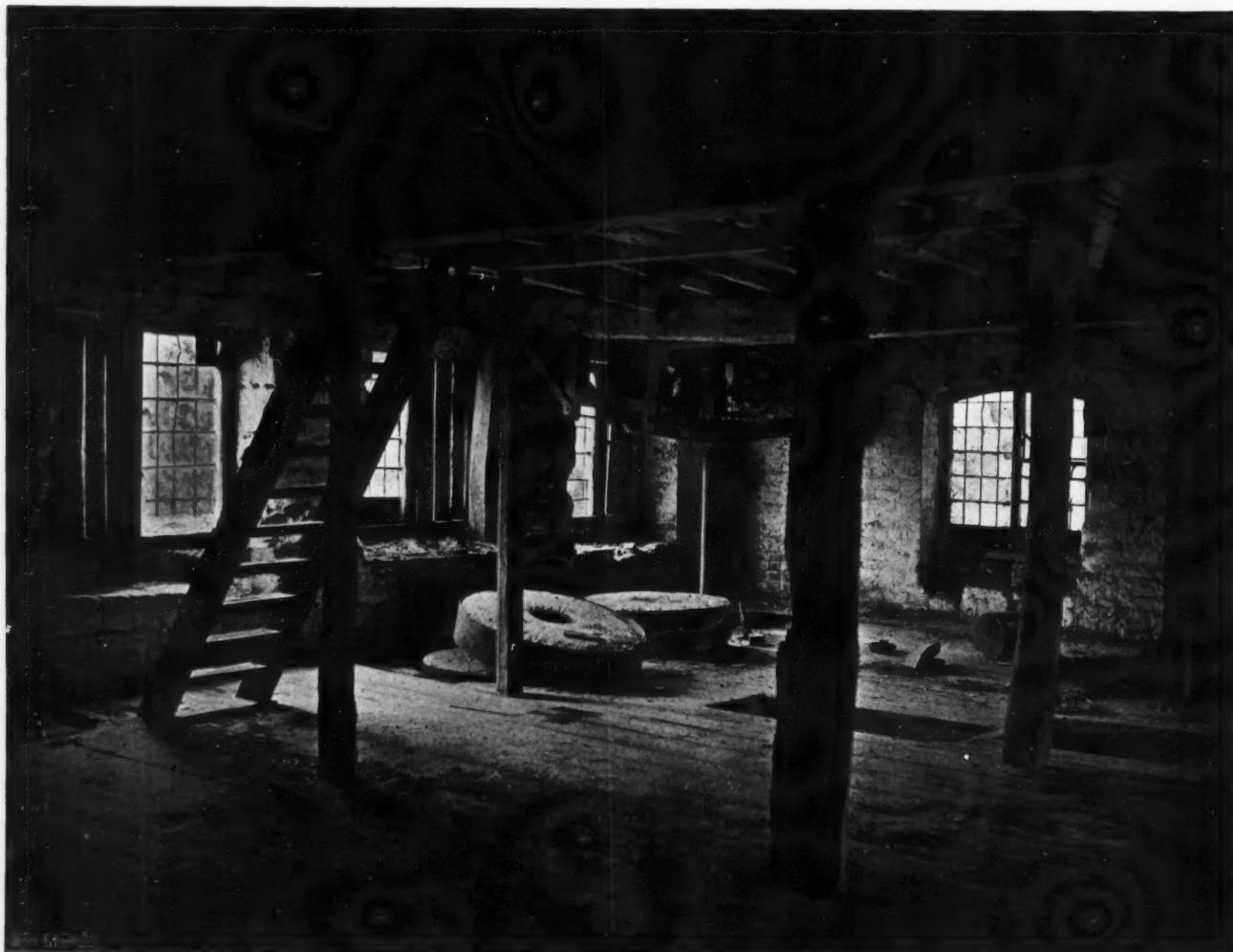
### POULTRY AND FOXES.

EACH year the vexed question of ravages by foxes on the poultry-yard troubles every hunting district. Farmers, to do them justice, are almost invariably sportsmen, and wish no harm to fox-hunting as a sport; but there is no doubt that the extension of poultry-keeping by them, which means running fowls in movable houses out in the fields away from the homestead, is in some cases prejudicially affected by the presence of foxes in the neighbourhood. Yet there are various ways of keeping foxes away which can be resorted to, and there is little doubt that neglect of these precautions, deliberate in a few cases, is the cause of many of the losses brought before compensation committees. Fowls should be securely shut up in their houses at night; but this does not mean that the trapdoor permitting exit should be closed, because

poultry should always be able to quit the sleeping-house as early in the day as they like, but the opening should be so guarded that no fox can enter. A clever arrangement, shaped like a box, which is set before the trapdoor and permits the fowls to pass through, is sold by one well-known firm; or it is easy to reduce the size of the exit until nothing larger than a hen can walk in and out. There are also various ways of frightening foxes away from the vicinity of the poultry. Asafoetida sprinkled round the house and by the gaps in the hedges which the fox is likely to pass often keeps him away, while wire-netting and tar are other preventives frequently found effectual. It must be remembered that two-legged thieves as well as foxes exist, and the latter often get the blame for mysterious disappearances of which they are innocent. Bogus claims add to the troubles of committees, anxious as far as in their power lies to meet legitimate demands. A different class of fowl, too, is now kept by intelligent farmers. Instead of ordinary cross-bred poultry worth 2s. each they keep fowls of a laying strain worth more than double. There is, therefore, all the more reason to take every precaution to protect them. The danger from foxes can be greatly lessened with a little care, and fox-hunting and poultry-keeping flourish concurrently. By day a dog at large is the best protector.

### TUBERCULOSIS AND LEGISLATION.

At the last meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England Mr. Adeane made an important suggestion relating to this question. After referring to the possibility of early legislation, he suggested that steps should be taken to protect the interests of agriculture in the matter. His practical proposal was that steps should be taken to organise a powerful and representative committee of farmers and breeders of cattle to watch the developments of this question. The plain English of the matter we suppose to be that Mr. John Burns is suspected of being engaged in drawing up a Bill which will deal, among other things, with tuberculosis in cattle. Those engaged in agriculture, however, have no great confidence that the present Parliament understands much about what affects their interests, and the feeling is fairly strong in favour of taking steps to safeguard them. Mr. Stratton, who seconded Mr. Adeane's proposal, said they were threatened with legislation of the most harassing description, and further that the local authorities, who appeared to be laddists, were inclined to harass the agricultural interests in every possible way and in a most unnecessary manner. Lord



J. Gale,

INTERIOR OF AN OLD WATER-MILL.

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Northbrook gave it as the opinion of the committee that, though it might be the business of the Local Government Board to deal with the matter of a pure milk supply to the consumer, when it came to dealing with farmstock and the treatment of cattle, the interests he represented would prefer the question to be dealt with by the Board of Agriculture.

#### CHEMISTRY AND AGRICULTURE.

Mr. F. T. Shutt, who has been head of the chemistry division in the Agricultural Department of Canada for twenty years, has given a detailed and interesting account of the progress which has been made in inoculating the soil for leguminous plants. Under ordinary circumstances and in ordinary climates, he says, clover has been found to surpass everything else for increasing the humus in the soil or the nitrogen content. In some of the drier parts of Canada, however, the conditions are not suitable for growing clover, and trials were made with

alfalfas, vetches, beans and peas. This is all very well as far as it goes, but the Canadian chemists do not yet seem to have arrived at the conclusion that leguminous plants cannot possibly be alone in the power of fixing the free nitrogen of the air. The idea that they are so is paradoxical, and, as a matter of fact, it has been demonstrated that the graminea have the same power. No doubt it is common to all vegetation, and the duty of science at present is to show by what means it operates. Further than this, the time has come when we ought to go a step further than the mere registering of the effects of soil inoculation. What we should like to know is the extent to which the feeding value has been increased or decreased by it, and how far that feeding value is inherent in the soil; or, at any rate, how long it remains there. There is plenty of room for scientific work and examination into the subject, and the Boards of Agriculture in various countries might do well to direct their attention to its elucidation.

## A BIRD SANCTUARY IN THE BRENT VALLEY

**D**OUBTLESS few people will quarrel with the remark that one of the finest monuments to the genius and achievements of Gilbert White in existence to-day is the Selborne Society, with its 1,700 members. Formed twenty-two years ago to perpetuate, in the first instance, the memory of the famous author of "The Natural History of Selborne," and, in the second place, to encourage the study of Nature and keep before people generally the necessity of preserving, as far as possible, all objects of natural beauty as well as interesting antiquities, the society has accomplished an almost immeasurable amount of good work. Collectively, in fact, the members may be said to have left nothing undone which could be done to promote the objects of the Selborne Society, while individually many of them have displayed an ardent enthusiasm which, although, perhaps, not rare among true lovers of Nature, has, through being combined with enterprise, resulted in ideas being carried out which have brought home to the average person more than anything else the beauty and pleasure to be found in the preservation of bird, plant and animal life.

The latest experiment on the part of a few members of the Selborne Society, who have founded a bird sanctuary in the Brent Valley, is certainly one of the most interesting, and promises also to be one of the most successful. Bird sanctuaries are not new. The writer believes that in Yorkshire, some time ago, a gentleman hedged off a well-wooded part of his estate and endeavoured to attract and encourage birds to build their nests therein. A similar experiment was tried on Hampstead Heath; but in neither case can the result be said to have repaid the trouble and expense involved. The Brent Valley Branch of the Selborne Society, however, has proved that what may be regarded in some quarters as a doubtful experiment can really be carried to a successful issue. Furthermore, the cost is comparatively small, providing there are a sufficient number of helpers willing to put their shoulders to the wheel, or, rather, their hands to the axe, spade and billhook, to keep the sanctuary in proper condition. One of the most praiseworthy features of the bird sanctuary established by Selbornians in the Brent Valley is that they have performed the manual labour necessary for its proper care themselves, and, as this meant the strengthening and building of hedges, the cutting of paths and the clearing of undergrowth on nineteen acres of land, it will readily be understood that the work has not been of a light character. In fact, Mr. Wilfred Mark Webb, who, in spite of his manifold duties as hon. general secretary of the Selborne Society and curator of Eton College Museum, has been one of the keenest workers on the Bird Sanctuary Committee, laughingly confessed, while piloting me round and through the wood recently, that some of the members, whose muscles were not in the best of condition, found the work no small tax on their strength. For several years the wood had been known to some of the members, being, in fact, the favourite haunt of one or two enthusiastic egg-collectors. The idea that the wood might be protected from the depredations of bird-catchers and youthful vandals and made to serve as a bird sanctuary was first conceived six or seven years ago. It was not until 1902, however, that the scheme began to assume a definite shape. A committee, consisting of Mr. Robert H. Read (a member of the British Ornithologists' Union), Mr. H. W. Ravenshaw and Mr. Webb, was appointed, with Mrs. Webb, who, if not quite so distinguished a naturalist as her husband, is none the less enthusiastic, as hon. secretary. After preliminary negotiations, an agreement was made with the farmer on whose property the wood lies that the hedges which surround it should be kept up, and that he should provide a keeper. In addition, members of the committee went over the wood from time to time. After a couple of years, however, it was felt that more active interest should be taken in

the work. The committee arranged to appoint its own keeper, and the members and their friends personally undertook the work of keeping the hedges in repair and of exercising supervision over the wood. Some members of the committee visited the sanctuary at least once a week during the whole of last year, and until lately Mr. Webb had spent every Sunday there since the beginning of 1906.

The spring, when the birds are nest-building, is, of course, the best time to visit the wood, which, by the way, comes into the London postal district, and is situated not a hundred miles from Twyford Abbey. A visit in the autumn, however, is a delightful experience, and enables one to gain a very good idea of how charming the wealth of trees and luxuriant undergrowth must appear on an early summer day, when the sun is brilliantly shining and the birds rendering song from the trees. And here it should be mentioned, perhaps, that although it has been necessary to prevent any persons from entering the wood, in no case has leave to visit the sanctuary been refused to any responsible strangers who have asked permission in a courteous manner. What the committee desires to do is to prevent strangers from taking the eggs of the birds, to ensure that the hedges shall not be broken down, and to see that disturbances are not created at the beginning of the nesting season by those who go to gather bluebells. The latter, which grow in profusion, are, Mr. Webb assured me, a really magnificent sight when in full bloom. The majority of the trees in the wood are oak, and, although the bulk of the undergrowth consists of hazel, there is plenty of other variety. The wild guelder rose in the earlier parts of the year is very handsome, and its bright red berries in the autumn bring the bushes into evidence for a second time. There are blackthorns, whitethorns, wild roses, some very pretty aspen poplars, an occasional ash and last, but not least, some giant thistles which top the 11 ft. mark. There are also a few willows and sallows, one birch is known and there are several species of blackberry. In addition to the wealth of bluebells, to which reference has already been made, there are small banks of wood-anemone, great clumps of willow-herb, while the clearings are sometimes pink with campion. This by no means exhausts the list of beauties with which the wood abounds, for up to the present no complete account of the plant and animal life of the sanctuary has been compiled. From this brief mention of the contents of the wood, however, the reader will gather that it is a bird retreat of exceptional beauty and charm. When the Bird Sanctuary Committee first took it over there were practically no paths through the wood, and inspections could only be carried on by forcing one's way through dense and tangled undergrowth. Now, however, thanks to the energy of the members of the Selborne Society who live in the Brent Valley, the sanctuary is intersected by picturesque paths, leading here and there to clearings, which enhance the beauty of the wood. Not only have the members cut paths through the woods, but also a path round the inside of the hedge, in order that the latter may be periodically inspected and strengthened.

The question naturally arises, what has been the net result, so to speak, of the experiment? It has been such that the members feel themselves fully repaid for the time and trouble involved. Altogether there are nearly thirty different kinds of birds that are known to have bred in the wood, while double that quantity have been seen either in or near it. The following is a list of birds which have bred in the wood: missel-thrush, song-thrush, blackbird, robin, nightingale, whitethroat, lesser whitethroat, blackcap, garden warbler, chiffchaff, willow-warbler, hedge-sparrow, long-tailed tit, great tit, tree-sparrow, blue tit, wren, red-backed shrike, spotted flycatcher, chaffinch, greenfinch, bullfinch, yellow-hammer, carrion crow, lesser spotted woodpecker, cuckoo, ring-dove and turtle-dove. Among the birds which have been seen about the wood, the cuckoo, the

brown owl, the moorhen and the kingfisher might be mentioned. In view of the fact that no great efforts have been made to attract birds, or induce them to nest in the wood, this record is extremely gratifying. To tempt owls three tubs were put up this spring, but only in one was a nest built, and that by a starling. With eight nesting-boxes—made by Mr. Webb's son, another ardent enthusiast—better luck was obtained. In two a tree-sparrow and a great tit—both new species to the wood—made their nests. Of the insect-life of the wood, not a great deal is yet known. It might be mentioned, however, that already a specimen of the snake-fly has been discovered by Mr. Webb, who has only heard of its being found elsewhere in England in the New Forest, while some green grasshoppers, which are not often found, have also been seen.

With 200 nesting-boxes placed in the trees, and the employment of a couple of keepers—for it is obviously impossible for one man to patrol and take proper care of the whole of the

nineteen acres—it would be safe to predict even greater results. Further development, however, means further expense. An income of £100 a year would, in Mr. Webb's opinion, be ample to cover such expense. The subscriptions to the Bird Sanctuary Fund last year only amounted to just over £15—not a great sum for the care of nineteen acres—although this year the financial support has been a little more encouraging. Happening to raise the question as to whether the idea could not be extended somewhat, especially in regard to schools and parks, Mr. Webb informed me that it has already been suggested to several schools that scholars interested in natural history might have a small piece of land to take care of themselves and transform it into a bird sanctuary. Up to the present, however, the idea has not been acted upon. The enterprise of these Brent Valley enthusiasts is commendable to a degree, and worthy of being well supported and extensively copied. Such ventures are calculated to do far more than any legislative measures towards protecting and preserving British wild birds. JOSEPH HEIGHTON.

## SHOOTING.

### A DOGGING MOOR IN CAITHNESS.

**I**N order to find moors where dogs are kept at work during the season, it is necessary in these latter days, when driving is almost universal, to go to the far North or the far West. Here and there in Wales, commonly on the islands off the West Coast of Scotland, and in places on the West Coast mainland itself, birds are still shot over dogs, for the very sufficient reason that they would not "drive," even if the driving were wished for. The present writer has seen them lying so close in Arran that they could hardly be persuaded to rise at all, even under the very noses of the dogs, whose steadiness was really put to a hard trial; and then, crossing over to Perthshire—this being before driving was as common there as it is now—has found the birds so wild that it was impossible to approach them. Similarly, in Skye one can go on shooting over dogs right to the end of the season; and the case is the same, according to common report (it is only of the two big islands named that the writer can speak with a personal knowledge), on all the islands of the West. On the extreme western mainland birds are not so tame as on the islands, but are still a great deal less wild than further inland. It is rather curious that in the extreme North of Scotland, in



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

WORKING CLOSE.

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Caithness, where the accompanying pictures were taken, birds will sit to the dogs; not with the same confidence and apathy as in Arran and Skye, but far more confidently than in Perthshire or Inverness-shire. Caithness is probably the most "doggy" county in Scotland. Mr. Pilkington, on whose moors at Sandside the photographs of which reproductions are here given were taken, has a very fine kennel of setters, as is sufficiently evident from the illustrations, and takes a very keen personal interest in the dogs, both as regards their breeding and their breaking for fieldwork. The character of the moors, both at Sandside and elsewhere in Caithness, is well shown in the pictures, in which the dogs are seen in active work, with Sir Charles Clarke and Mr. Allan Pilkington attending them.

The moors show comparatively long flat levels, not steeply broken. At a glance one would be inclined to say that this was a country ideal for driving, with more of the typical character of the English than of the Scottish moor. Even the deer country in Caithness is flat, and this is what gives its peculiar features to the stalking at Langwell, where long shots at a standing stag are the rule which has few exceptions. Still, as the facts are, the Gulf Stream curls round the corner of Caithness—it is to its influence that the local grouse-shooters attribute the relative tameness of their birds—it is possible to shoot the grouse over dogs, and it is in that manner that it pleases



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. THE HEAD KEEPER WITH DOLL AND ROMP. Copyright

the local people to shoot them. It is extremely fortunate that all are of the same mind, for a driving and a dogging moor side by side are not the best of neighbours for each other. Besides the dogging and the driving moors, thus definitely divided, there are, of course, many moors still on which a little dogging is done early in the season, on the fringes, before the driving begins; but it is a mode which is losing favour more and more, the devotees of driving saying that the dogging spoils their sport, and on the real driving moors only so much dogging is done as is necessary for killing the grouse wanted for the house or friends. On the fringes of many a deer forest, too, some dogging is done, where the firing will not scare the deer; but all this is very different from the dogging on a moor, such as Sandside, and others in Caithness, which as a county is given over to it.

Mr. Pilkington's affection is for setters. The pointers shown are from a more southern and western moor. They have more fire and intensity of action in their suddenly arrested movement, which is well exhibited in the pictures. Perhaps it is to be admitted that in the silky feathering of their coats these beautiful



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FOSS.

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Mr. Pilkington has found more birds than he expected. The trouble has been that, owing to the rough weather, the birds, even from the beginning of the shooting, have not been disposed to lie well before the dogs. Packing on a large scale is said to be unknown in this far Northern county—no doubt it is a tendency which is much fostered by driving—but this year there has been more inclination than usual on the birds' part to go in relatively small packs, and packs are always wild, and always fly far when once they have been flushed. It is curious how much more birds pack in a cold than in a relatively warm county. Caithness, for all that it is so far North, may be called mild, owing, it is to be supposed, to that curl round, already mentioned, of the Gulf Stream. The packing tendency when the weather is cold is not restricted to grouse; we find it, too, in our familiar South Country starling, and many more instances occur to mind. Owing to the local indisposition of the Caithness birds to pack, it is possible, in an ordinary year, to go on shooting them over dogs, especially if the weather is warm and quiet, right through the season; and it is not necessary to point out what an advantage this is to the man who wishes to make his sport on his own moor serve for his interest and amusement during many months. It is the



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"SOMETHING IN THE WIND."

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Laverack setters are superior in grace and beauty to the pointers; but we do not propose to enter the lists of the battle between the amateurs of the setter and pointer respectively. Where there is abundance of water, as is usually the case on a grouse moor, the setter is, perhaps, the better all-round dog. In these days we see less than we did of the Gordon setter. There is one drawback to this beautiful dog—that his black and tan does not show out at all clearly against the heather; it is less easy to be certain where he is, and the present writer has to confess to once shooting (happily with no permanently bad effect) a setter of this breed which was down-charging as it backed another's point, and was quite invisible in the heather. Had there been much white on it, as on a Laverack setter, it would most likely have been seen, and would not have received the pellet or two which reached the black and tan dog.

Caithness has been exceptionally well treated in a year which has not been generally a good one for the grouse. Relatively, some of the Caithness moors seem to have done better than Sandside; but there, too,



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FEAG AND FRITZ.

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antipodes of those small driving moors on which all the sport of the year is concentrated into the big bag of one or two days, perhaps of a single day. Mr. Pilkington is under no delusion whatever about the advantages of the driving, such as they are. He is well aware that it tends to increase the stock of birds by mixing coveys up, thus averting the evils of inbreeding and so on; but he has a perfectly adequate answer in explanation of the fact that, holding this opinion, he still continues to "dog" instead of to "drive." The grouse, he says, exist for the amusement of the shooter, not the shooter for the purpose of improving the breed of the grouse. Now, if there are sufficient grouse already on the moor to furnish the shooter with all the amusement that he expects from it, how shall it profit him to increase that number? This position is beyond the reach of attack. Nearly all the dogs shown in the pictures are descendants of some that Mr. Pilkington had as far back as 1865 from "Old Laverack."

#### A HINT FOR GROUSE-DRIVING LATE IN THE SEASON.

ALTHOUGH the following remarks may be statements of facts which are probably known to certain observant shooting-men, yet doubtless there are numerous others who have failed to notice them. A friend of the writer's held a lease for many years of one of the best moors in Scotland, and during that tenancy did all in his power to improve the stock of grouse upon the ground. In this he met with extraordinary success, which was partly due to the fact that, having been born and having spent the greater part of his life on these moors, none knew their requirements better than he did. One of his favourite methods of improvement was to wage war on the cock grouse and spare the hens as much as possible. Anyone who has tried it will know that, early in the season, when walking, it is not difficult



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. MR. ALLAN PILKINGTON AND SIR CHARLES CLARKE. Copyright

to pick the old cocks, and also a goodly proportion of young ones. But, in driving, when birds are coming fast, most men are apt to single out the first bird which catches the eye, and they shoot at this one irrespective of its sex or size. Now, on the moor in question, when many good days' driving took place as late in the season as November, it was a noticeable fact that certain beats yielded a very large percentage of cock birds, while other beats were remarkable for the number of hens killed on them. All kinds of theories were advanced to account for this phenomenon, which in time became so pronounced that it began to be a matter of personal interest both to the Master and his gillies to discover some solution of the problem. It was even hinted that possibly late in the season, when grouse were packed, the cocks congregated on certain parts of the moors and hens on other beats. The moor, like many others, was driven on the lines of a time-honoured custom, certain beats being driven before lunch and certain others in the afternoon. Closer investigation elucidated the fact that the early beats yielded a great preponderance of cock birds, whereas the bag in the afternoon and towards evening chiefly consisted of hens. Moreover, the owner himself, who is a fine shot, took the trouble to keep a tally of his own pick-up as regards the number of cocks and hens killed at each drive. He found that in the mornings his bag was chiefly composed of cock birds, and in the evenings mostly of hens. Also, on misty or foggy days, he noticed that the hens suffered more than cocks. The whole matter then resolved itself into a simple question of light. In a bright light, and during the early parts of a day, the dark plumage of a cock shows up most plainly. As the light wanes, or when mist and fog obscures the sun, their lighter-coloured plumage renders the hens most conspicuous. On this particular moor the experiment has been tried of asking all the guns to pick out the darkest birds in a bright light, and the least conspicuous ones when the light was dull. The test has proved that good shots will thus kill a greater number of cocks than hens at the end of a day's shoot if they adhere to this rule, but the moderate and bad shots will continue to kill about an equal number of each sex, since nothing will induce them to shift their sight from the first bird which catches the eye.

#### THE LEAF ON THE TREE.

If only the gales which came upon us in mid-October had happened after a little more frost, we should have had small reason to complain of leaf on the trees making coverts difficult to shoot. As it is, it is for most things a late season, and, perhaps, the leaf is late. It shows, at all events, little of the autumnal change of colour, though here and there a beech is golden, but the foliage screen is very much less dense than before the October gales, and very often at this date it is still as close as ever. However, we never look on October as the month of covert-shooting, as our fathers used to in the days of the muzzle-loader and pointers. All the big pheasant-shoots are still in the future.

#### ACORNS.

We have suffered rebuke for a statement that it was only a "moderate" acorn year. A correspondent writes to say that in Sussex, at all events, the acorns are in numbers which are quite immoderate. He admits, however, that they are late in ripening, an admission which, so far, goes to support our main argument, that they would not be as great a trouble this season to the keeper as they are in some years in tempting the pheasants to stray. May it not be the case that the unusually strong October gales have brought down the acorns in quite uncommon proportion to the numbers on the trees. It is certain that this is so, even if it be not the basis of our correspondent's rebuke. It is quite likely that in some counties the acorn crop may be much heavier, as compared with the local average, than in others, and this, as so often happens, is the most probable explanation of the different accounts.

#### THE MAGAZINE SHOT-GUN.

Mercifully we hear but little of that magazine gun, made in Belgium, which was threatening to invade us a year or two ago. One or two of our best shooters made trial of it, and were obliged to confess that it was a wonderful weapon. How it was that the barrel did not get red-hot more quickly was one of the marvels about it. It was as cheap as it was nasty, not a fifth the price of a good English double-barrelled gun; but it introduced a

terrific prospect into shooting—that a gun could be fired off five times running almost as quickly as you could pull the trigger. Surely the pace at which we can shoot with a couple of ordinary guns and a good loader is enough to satisfy anybody, or ought to be. This is, in fact, the view which practically all our sportsmen seem to have taken of this new invention: they can get enough firing with the ordinary guns. Other questions apart, it is hardly possible that the gun could balance equally, and equally well, when it had five cartridges as when it had only one in the magazine. The present year has certainly not been one to encourage quicker firing. The host who had asked a guest to shoot might have been astonished, at any time, to see him turn up with a weapon like a shoulder "pom-pom"; but this season in particular, when there have been practically no partridges at all, when wild pheasants have done badly and when on such a moor as Hunthill they were using one gun only in the butts, the moment would not be a well-chosen one for the new quick-firer. We may hope sincerely that we have heard the last of it.

#### HARDY MONGOLIANS.

Some of the big covert-shoots are being held, but we badly want at the moment of writing some nights of frost to take the leaf off the tree. At present it is very difficult to get a sight of the birds unless they are beaten right out of covert, and it is not very easy, in the thick shelter, to get them to leave it. It has been a testing year for pheasants, and we are very glad to hear from all sides a remarkably good account of the way in which the hardy half-bred Mongolian birds have stood the test. We are glad, not only because we have always from the very first said good words for this bird, when it was a new importation and when keepers, with the healthy conservatism of their class, were disposed to look askance at it, for the fully insufficient reason that it was a novelty, but also because the good reports prove more and more that in this Mongolian strain we really have added value to the old, existing stock. Mr. Walter Rothschild, if, as we believe, it was he who introduced them first, deserves a debt of gratitude, which will grow larger as the birds are appreciated more widely.

#### IMPORTATION OF HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES.

We pointed out some while ago a probability that the failure of our own partridges this season would make many people resort to Hungary to replenish the stock. We hear accordingly of a great many who are giving their orders already, at a date a good deal earlier than that at which any big block of orders for these birds is usually being booked. It is unnecessary to go over the old ground of the many advantages of getting these Hungarian partridges early. The birds are less likely to suffer from long confinement in pens before being shipped over, and on arrival here have the more time to get accustomed to the different climate, the milder and damper winter and the longer delayed spring. For all reasons the shooting world is showing wisdom and good foresight in the early-ordering of the birds.

[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATER PAGES.]

## ON THE GREEN.

### "MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES."

**T**HE Rules of Golf Committee are commonly credited with having committed themselves to the principle that no "mechanical contrivance" may be used, by way of a golf club, for the purpose of putting the ball into the hole, or for the attempt to do so. Definitions are difficult and generally unfruitful things, but it would almost seem as if much fruit had been borne by that definition of golf so often quoted, framed by a non-golfer, "putting little balls into little holes with instruments very ill-adapted to the purpose." The crop which it appears to have produced has taken the shape of many inventions, some of which, when submitted to the verdict of the Rules of Golf Committee, have been condemned as "mechanical contrivances." But that phrase itself has never, to the public knowledge, been accurately defined, as to what it may include or exclude. Even the golf club in common use is in some sense a mechanical contrivance—a machine very ill contrived, according to the definition *pour rire* above quoted, and requiring much amendment.

But if the "mechanical contrivance" phrase as used, or supposed to be used, by the Rules Committee is difficult to define, it is not nearly so difficult to understand in a rough-and-ready and practical fashion, and it may be claimed that it serves its purpose well enough. When an inventor—as happened lately—comes before the committee with a putter of which the idea is that the shaft shall work on a hinge, which hinge is affixed to an arm, of which the object is that it shall be held rigid by being pressed against some part of the player's person with the left hand, while the right works the shaft, which can then be moved in one plane only—the plane of the line between ball and hole: when such a "mechanical contrivance" as this comes before the members of the committee they are surely right to ban it under this mysterious but useful phrase. Golf is to be played by a golfer with a golf club, and not by a golfing machine. That is the practical conclusion, and there is little doubt that it is right. At the same time, it is not to be disputed that there are in actual and recognised use certain weapons which look very much as if they ought to fall into the forbidden category. What are we going to say, on strict enquiry, about those "spring faced" cleeks and irons which many a golfer uses, and which we have seen employed with much effect even by a member of the Rules of Golf Committee himself? We all know the principle of their construction. There is a spring between the back and front plates which form the blade of the club. Accurate strikers get great effects with them: but they are rather a delusion and a snare in the hands of the striker who is not accurate. When the ball is struck quite truly, full value is taken out of the spring, and the ball flies further than off a blade of the common type; but, if it is struck inaccurately, the spring does not appear to give any assistance at all, and the difference between the distance of the ball's flight if slightly mishit and its distance when perfectly struck is therefore greater than in the case of the ordinary solid-bladed iron clubs. But, apart from all questions of its quality, can it seriously be doubted that this is a "mechanical contrivance"? If the phrase is to mean anything at all, surely its meaning must include a spring. Yet this club is in constant use, and no one questions its lawfulness. The inventors did not court enquiry. They did not bring the club before the Rules of Golf Committee, and ask whether it was a club or a "mechanical contrivance"; they simply put it on the market, and a certain number of golfers have taken to it, in all innocence. It has come to stay.

A club which runs perilously near the border-line of "mechanical contrivance" has been invented lately by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey. At first sight it appeared to me as if it would justify very fully the "very ill-adapted to the purpose" clause of the above-quoted definition. I ought to have known better; I ought to have known Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey better; I ought to have known that a man with his remarkable experience of all kinds of missile weapons was not likely to be responsible for the production of one that was altogether futile, as I suspected this of being. In appearance it is very like the old "gas-pipe" putters, which used to have some small vogue a few years ago; but the feature of this new "notion" is that there is an outer cylinder, on the blade, revolving freely on a fixed central axis. One of the effects of this is that if the ground be struck by the blade the revolving cylinder acts as if the blade were set on wheels. The blade, therefore, runs on over the ground, instead of sticking in it. As for its effect on the ball, that is another story, and one much too difficult for me to attempt to tell. One of its results is to send the ball very smoothly over the ground, with little tendency to kick up, or jump aside. This may be due, perhaps, to the improbability that much accidental cut can be put on the ball with a face of this round and featureless kind. It is thus a good club for running the ball up, for a long approach over more or less level ground. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey claims that all the strokes can be played with it, and so

they can, but not well. It has to be admitted, however, that he regards it as an "all-round club" only in the hands of the duffer, who does not yet know how to use better things. So far we may concede his claim to him. The expert is not likely to use the club except for the shorter shot, for it will not perform very long ones. Its appearance is calculated to make a delicate golfer very unwell, but its value is much superior to its look.

### GOLFING WINTER QUARTERS.

NOW that the golfer is going into his winter quarters, or thinking of so doing, there is a timely interest in such articles as that descriptive of golf in Burmah, which Mr. Horace Wyndham recently contributed to COUNTRY LIFE. The British golfer, who is usually not very accurately informed on geographical points outside the range of those greens on which he plays, is apt to be a good deal mistaken as to the character of the courses in such places. He judges by what he has seen in Egypt and so on, that in all the East the putting greens must be browns. "Of course there is no grass there." But grass depending largely on climate and climate depending largely on altitude as well as on latitude, it is quite possible to have excellent grass lawns and greens on places quite near the equator, if they be high up. We are told, by those who have played on them, that excellent courses, and very beautiful ones, are to be found in Cashmere, courses where the putting greens are really green and really good. For teeing grounds (again according to report) you climb to little terraces high perched up; and because the height is already considerably above the sea-level, and the whole course is of most severely up and down character, the lungs are sorely tried in ascending to these teeing places, and such Hamlets as are "fat and scant of breath" arrive at them in a condition not the best for hitting the ball with force and accuracy. It is no "old man's game" in those circumstances.

### CASHMERE AND MEXICO.

Of course Cashmere is a long way to go for winter quarters; it is only if time and distance are no object that it can be contemplated seriously. Another place where they now play golf, and which is open to the like objections, is Mexico City. Of Mexico, though not of its golf, the writer can speak of personal knowledge. It is perfectly delightful in winter—that is, of course, on the high plateau land on which the city itself stands. Down in the Gulf it is another story, though a story which may be dramatically diversified by the excitement of catching tarpon. The delights of Cashmere, however, according to credible witnesses' reports, are so great that one only wonders why the witnesses ever came back. Perhaps from philanthropic motives—to persuade others to go. Nearer home the haunts are almost too well known to suggest a discussion which can be of fresh interest. Moreover, each locality has its own *clientèle*, which rages furiously if any other is brought into the comparison with it. It is the better part of valour to steer wide of these polemics.

### WINTER QUARTERS.

For the happiness of the winter golfer it is just a little unfortunate that most, and the best, of the Cornish courses are on the north coast of the county. We see the really very fine train service called the "Cornish Riviera Express" departing from Paddington, and have a vision of sheltered coves, soft breezes and sparkling seas; but when we come to consult our golfing geography books we soon find that the good golf courses—Newquay, St. Ives, St. Enodoc and so on—lie on the northern coast of the county, which is really as different from the southern in its winter climate as shade is from sunshine. It is not necessary to make the experiment of visiting the two in winter in order to prove this, nor to trust to the unsupported, and not always trustworthy, accounts of local witnesses. All that is needful is to look at the difference of the flora, at almost any time of the year, on the one side and on the other respectively, to be satisfied of the difference in temperature.

### THE LATE LORD KILMAINE.

The news of the terribly tragic death of Lord Kilmaine will come as a great shock to his very many golfing friends. Himself a keen golfer, he had taken a foremost part in the encouragement of the game where Britons congregate in the Pyrenean districts of France. It was he who inaugurated the matches between the Pau and Biarritz Golf Clubs, and gave a cup for the foursome match. The course at Argeles was formed under his initiative. Much more than that, he had a kindly and genial personality, which endeared him to all whom he met, and his friends' affection was rendered the stronger by the appeal made upon it by his constant and prolonged sufferings from insomnia. The deepest sympathy with Lady Kilmaine must be felt by all who knew her husband.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### THE OLD WOODEN PUTTER.

**T**HERE would appear to be setting in a distinct revival in favour of the use of the old wooden putter. On many greens quite lately young as well as old players have been seen boldly running up their ball with the wooden putter to the hole side, and holing it out with quite an admirable amount of confidence. Is the old derelict wooden putter, which was so popular and so generally used before the appearance of the rubber-cored ball, going to enjoy another lease of golfing favour, or is its spasmodic appearance in the playing sets of many golfers to-day only one of the capricious whims that now and again overtake players? It would be wrong to contend that because a few players here and there are beginning to use a wooden putter, the fashion is likely to become as widespread as it once was. All that the reversion to the use of wood on the putting green proves, is that the heart of every golfer is unceasingly set upon solving, in his own way, the distressing problem of striking with judgment and with

precision of direction the ball when it lies within a less or more wide area on the putting green. All golfers feel that the insoluble difficulty for the majority of them is to putt consistently well. There is more variation in the play both of professionals and amateurs while on the putting green than there is in any other part of the game. No one seems to be satisfied with his play at the hole side, and this prevailing discontent accounts for the multiplied attempts that have been made within the last fifteen years, at any rate, to invent all kinds of curious-looking clubs which shall enable short as well as long puts to be holed with a high average of certainty.

Now the curious fact about the majority of new inventions in putters is that few of them have had either a long or a brilliant record of life to be chronicled. They have their day and cease to be; and many club boxes, as well as many obscure corners of lumber-rooms in dwelling-houses, can show the discarded relics in the shape of new putters, which were once paid for with a feeling of sanguine hope and soon cast aside in bitter disappointment. A good many of these new inventions depended for their utility upon some cunning device of springs, hinges, and some sort of machinery about the head which the player was promised would scarcely ever fail in producing the best results. But the performance never did square with the promise. The result has been that among all the new putting clubs that have competed for golfing favour, their forms may be divided into two distinct classes. Leaving out of account the mallet-headed putter, which exacts the doubtfully legal position of a straddled stance, with the club swung between the legs, the only two patterns that seem to have survived are the aluminium model of the old wooden putter and the wryneck iron head. Even the great Shenectady, which suddenly leaped into almost universal favour at the time of Mr. Travis's success at Sandwich, is being very largely discarded in favour of the aluminium model of the old wooden putter and the wryneck. This changing fashion in putters is obviously a case where the survival of the fittest has full play. If all the putters which have been invented in recent years had a fraction of the virtues which the partial theorists claim on their behalf, it is obvious that, while the vogue would not have been notoriously fleeting, the general standard of putting all round would have been, at any rate, improved. But this is the exact point at which the new inventions have failed, with the consequence that experience has taught all players that the hidden virtues of good putting lie not so much in the club as in the player himself.

The revival of the wooden putter, even to a limited extent, is something to be grateful for. Experience in playing the game has hammered out the traditional form of clubs with which we now play. It is curious to notice that the essential form of the head has been, on the whole, constant. The old wooden putter was simply a kind of driver with an upright lie, a plane face and a stiff shaft. As far as one can judge by their clubs, the old golfers had the same difficulty about putting as we have to-day, and they now and again made attempts to overcome the difficulty by altering in some detail the form of a club. Yet, sooner or later, they came back to the old form, just as many golfers to-day are beginning to find greater putting salvation in the sturdy dictum of Andrew Kirkaldy: "Gie me a guid piece o' wud." What the majority of golfers forget is that the art of putting, with whatever club is chosen, needs much more careful study and practice than driving. Play on the putting green is a new game within a game. But there are few players who prefer to take an hour's practice with half-a-dozen balls on the putting green to the more exhilarating amusement of practising tee shots. The wooden putter is more effective than iron for running-up shots, because the ball bites the ground better, does not run with the same speed when struck, and the player has more control of its pace. The old wooden putter may look a little primeval to the minds of the irreverent, but its steady virtues have been proved in many hard-fought contests; and one cannot help feeling a tinge of satisfaction, at least, that its graceful form is never a monstrous eyesore in a player's bag.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

#### MISS HEZLET'S "LADIES' GOLF."

MISS MAY HEZLET has brought her book, "Ladies' Golf" (Hutchinson), which was first published in 1904, up to date with the addition of a chapter containing a short account of the chief events connected with ladies' golf since 1903, and a few comments on points in the rules which have recently been dealt with, and other matters of general interest. The vexed question of "to be or not to be?" with regard to stymies has been settled once and for all, and in the only possible way. As long as the rule exists the only thing to do is to play the game properly, and to take the stymie when it occurs as philosophically as one can. It would be absurd if two players starting out to play a match agreed that they would ground in all the bunkers. At the same time, it does seem unreasonable that the opponent, who is not allowed in any other way to interfere with the player's game, should at the very last moment be enabled to deprive him of the hole which seemed fairly within his grasp by a stroke which is purely accidental. Miss Hezlet also draws attention to the adoption of heelless iron clubs, which has become pretty general of late. It is true that these clubs, with their curious twisted necks, minimise to a large extent the defect caused by a "socketed" shot going off almost at right

angles: such a shot is disastrous in its effects; but the writer can testify from personal experience that as many strange feats can be accomplished without a heel as with a heel. It is not so much the club, as the person who wields the club, that does the mischief. One point of danger with the wrynecked mashie is that it is apt to encourage many players in a very common fault, that of turning out the wrist of the left hand in the upward swing. The face of the club is in consequence being pointed towards the ground at the top of the swing instead of away from it. A shot played in this way with a heelless club does not seem to be as much affected by the fault as it is when played with an ordinary mashie, and the ball will rise quite easily. Glancing through the pages of the book once again one is struck by the sound commonsense of the advice Miss Hezlet gives. Here and there, of course, occur points that are open to discussion. Miss Hezlet, for instance, says that "gloves should always be worn for golf, as they do not interfere at all with the grip on the club." Not a few people would venture to disagree even with a lady champion on this subject. The writer happened to be with a friend who was starting out for a lesson with one of the leading professionals, and the first thing he made her do was to take off her gloves. Again, Miss Hezlet recommends a half shot in a bunker, but practical experience has taught us that for a lady at all events a full swing is at all times best in a bunker, especially if the object is to make certain of getting the ball out. The longer the downward swing the more strength the club gathers, and without any special effort on the part of the player it forces its way through the sand and pitches up the ball. But Miss Hezlet has many excellent hints to give. She understands her subject thoroughly, and what is more, she explains it clearly. Those who have not already a copy of "Ladies' Golf" will find it of the greatest help.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE

#### THE AUTUMN SINGING OF BIRDS.

**A** NUMBER of correspondents seem to have been surprised this year to hear larks singing in the late autumn, and are anxious to know if it is not unusual. It is difficult to say that it is ever unusual to hear a lark singing, for while, of course, they are more vocal at some seasons than others, they may be heard all the year round and at any time of the day or night. Most naturalists who have spent much time out of doors at night have heard larks pouring out their music overhead in almost total darkness, long before the first streaks of dawn are visible. This year, however, I confess that I have myself been struck with what seems the exceptional noisiness of the larks (especially on the golf course where I chiefly play) during the latter half of October and the first part of November. The increase in their noisiness was also undoubtedly simultaneous with a great increase in their numbers, the fact presumably being that the usual stream of immigrant larks from the Continent was arriving, and, I take it, their intrusion was being resented by the regular inhabitants. At all events, there has been an extraordinary amount of scuffling and chasing and aerial bickering going on.

#### LOYAL THRUSHES.

More noticeable still has been the singing of the thrushes. In October I heard an occasional tentative song-thrush's note, but about November 5th half the thrushes of the neighbourhood seemed to break into full song. His Majesty's birthday, November 9th, being real King's weather, appeared to be a whole holiday with them, and they sang all day long. One is hard at it now as I write, sitting in its usual place in the chestnut tree, whence it entertains us all through the breeding season. I shall be sorry when the frost comes to silence it, for then it is too busy to sing, but has to spend most of its time endeavouring to circumvent the missel-thrushes which stand guard over the hawthorn bushes with their clumps of rosy berries.

#### WEATHER AND THE BUTTERFLIES.

I spoke recently of the peculiar scarcity this year (at all events in my own part of Cambridgeshire) of certain common and conspicuous butterflies, notably the peacock, small tortoiseshell and red admiral. Since then, in late October, a few small tortoiseshells have appeared on the ivy blossom, but the other two species have not shown themselves, though commonly abundant in the autumn. In my former notes I speculated as to what the insects were doing and whether they were "lying over" to another season in the pupa stage or whether they had never, owing to the cold summer, reached the pupa stage at all. Some light is thrown on the subject by reports from two other parts of the country of peacock caterpillars being found still feeding as late as the first days of October. The orthodox routine is for the peacock caterpillar to turn to a chrysalis in July, and the butterfly ought to be out, at all events, by September. These reports seem to show that the check of the cold weather operated on the caterpillars in their early stages; but the problem still remains as to what those caterpillars will finally do. Supposing them by this time to have reached the pupa stage, will they now "lie over" until next autumn, or, if mild weather continues, shall we have newly-emerged broods of Christmas peacocks?

#### BATTLES OF THE GIANTS.

Anyone who is interested in the smaller wild life must be constantly horrified at the savagery of Nature. It is an almost universal rule that anything which is strong enough to eat another should do so; and often one is astonished to see how, by mere ferocity and determination, creatures are able to overcome and make meals of others much larger than themselves. Anybody who has watched a common cocktail beetle (or devil's coach-horse) tackling a worm three times its own length has seen one of the most terrific struggles, even if on a small scale, that can be witnessed. The coach-horse seizes the worm by the extreme tip of its tail, whereupon the other begins to thresh around, lifting the beetle from the ground and battering it from side to side much as Rikki-tikki-tavi was battered by the cobra in the bathroom. Sooner or later the beetle is compelled to let go, but the instant the worm becomes quiet it jumps in again and resumes its grip; and after each convolution the worm will be found to have been dragged some infinitesimal distance nearer to the hole into which it is the intention of the coach-horse

to get him. A gain of an inch may mean half-an-hour's fighting, but ultimately the beetle gets near enough to its hole or crevice to slip in, tail first, still clinging to the worm, and now that it is able to get purchase against the sides, it hauls the victim slowly but relentlessly inside. Once stretched at length within a narrow hole the worm must be helpless, and the coach-horse, presumably, eats him (alive probably up to almost the very last) from his tail up, like a carrot, at its leisure.

## DAVID AND GOLIATH.

Recently I saw (what I should otherwise have believed impossible) an earwig—a lusty one, it is true—overcome and eat a particularly large and vigorous harvestman, the round-bodied, long-legged thing usually called a long-legged spider, but which, in spite of appearances, is scientifically less of a spider than a mite. Not only did the earwig deliberately attack and seize the harvestman, but, after a portentous struggle, succeeded in turning it upon its back, which accomplished, it proceeded contentedly to eat its way into the other at the juncture of the thighs with the body, while the harvestman's long legs waved forlornly and helplessly in the air.

## FASTIDIOUS SPIDERS.

Entomologists know that various kinds of spiders often seize moths on sugared trees, though the spiders are, I believe, attracted in the first instance not by the moths, but, like them, by the sugar. At Wicken Fen there is a large hunting spider (one of the *Lycosidæ*), which is almost a serious nuisance to collectors, and I am inclined to believe that it frequents the posts which are there used for sugaring, not for the sugar, but for the moths

themselves. A collector may be justified in feeling annoyed when he finds that one of these spiders has picked out for its supper a handsome flammula or a peculiarly well-marked leucostigma (both of which calamities I have myself known to occur), or some other rarity, when it might just as well have satisfied its coarse appetite with something commoner. The ease with which the spiders, about two-thirds of an inch in length, handle even such able-bodied moths as the two that I have mentioned is rather terrifying. But of all living things a spider surely leads the most bloodthirsty and desperate life.

## AUTUMN FOLIAGE.

We are having this year full measure of the glories of autumn colour of which the drought robbed us in 1906. The elms, their lower branches still green and their crowns golden, the limes, which yet retain enough of their leaves in November to be sheathed in pale yellow, and, above all, the beeches, abundant hereabouts, which in the sunlight glitter in almost every shade from amber to a flaming copper—these are all just now conspicuously beautiful, and we are having sunshine enough to show them at their best, so that I have wondered this week whether even the splendid blazing of the maple woods in the Eastern United States (where they run excursion trains merely that people may look from the windows at the masses of colouring as the train rushes through) was in my recollection lovelier than certain woods on the Gog Magog Hills have been this week. In sheltered places there is an immense variety of wild flowers still in blossom, while in the garden, though sweet peas and Canterbury bells are yet in flower, we are picking both violets and primroses in the second week of November. A mad and backward year has its compensations.

H. P. R.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## COST OF OWNING AN ESTATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Income-tax Schedule A is estimated from rent less tithe and land tax, and less 16 $\frac{2}{3}$  per cent. ( $\frac{1}{6}$ ) for expense of upkeep of houses, and less 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. ( $\frac{1}{8}$ ) for farms. This is the law, and let the landlord's expense of upkeep be double that sum which he is allowed for this purpose, he is called upon to pay without any further deduction for assessment purposes. Usually he pays without a murmur. As to items criticised; "woodman's wages" are included in estate labour, except timber felling, which goes into the succession duty account; "cost of horse keep": the farms are all let and faggots sold on the ground, hence not charged. The fact is that a landlord is not legally entitled to claim treatment such as a business man fairly receives under Schedule D. He must come under Schedule A, where the assessment does not legally allow at all a fair proportion for the expense of upkeep. No greater deduction than the legal ratio will be allowed on appeal, however accurate the account.—A.

## THE TREATMENT OF A TROUT STREAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having read many interesting articles relating to trout in COUNTRY LIFE, perhaps some of your readers could give me some practical advice in regard to the following: I have three-quarters of a mile of trout stream divided in the centre by a mill and small weir which forms a pool and shallow loop-stream which joins again lower down below the mill, within my boundary. I wish to put in 100 two year old brown trout, but before doing so I should be glad if any of your readers can tell me from experience whether or not the few brown trout, ranging from 1lb. to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., at present in the water are likely to devour the two year olds, or if it would be advisable to net out the trout at present over 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., say.—BERNARD LAKE.

[Two year olds should be big enough to look after themselves. At the same time, we are in favour of getting out at the end of each season all trout of a weight markedly above that of the average large trout of the water. As our correspondent does not mention the name of the river, it is impossible to tell whether on his water a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fish is likely to be an old cannibal or not. It is all a question of condition.—ED.]

## A QUAIN LIBRARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the entrance to an out-of-the-way library at Kingscliff in Northants. As will be seen from the inscription over the doorway, "Books of Piety are here lent to any Persons of this or ye Neighbouring towns." The books are principally theological works, and were left by the Rev. William Law, the author of "A Serious Call," a native of the village, who died there in 1761. In common with other libraries of this character which are to be found in various parts of the country, very little use is made of it, although it contains some valuable works on theology difficult to find elsewhere. It seems a pity that collections of books of the character indicated should be allowed to lie idle on the shelves, when there are large numbers of students in

more populous centres who would make good use of them and be glad to be able to refer to them when occasion requires.—HENRY WALKER.

## A WHITE LINNET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Though the occurrence of black and white varieties of birds is by no means rare, especially with some species, their appearance is always worth recording. I send you therefore a specimen of the common linnet for inspection, and a description thereof which may interest your readers. The head, neck and upper parts are pure white, as also are the greater wing-coverts, except the innermost and the two outer quill feathers of the left wing, and the middle tail feathers; while the rest of the plumage is perfectly normal. The beak and feet are also peculiar in that they are of a pale flesh colour. So far, no attempt has ever been made to ascertain what are the causes which determine this lack of pigmentation of the feathers, which, in specimens like the present, is all the more peculiar because here and there, as in the case of the innermost wing-coverts of one wing and some of the scapulars of the other, they are quite normally coloured. Can this be due to disease of the trophic nerves, or to other hitherto undiscovered factors which control pigmentation? Possibly this is a matter which will never be settled, but it is surely worth more attention than it has yet received.—X.

## TOY WINDMILLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

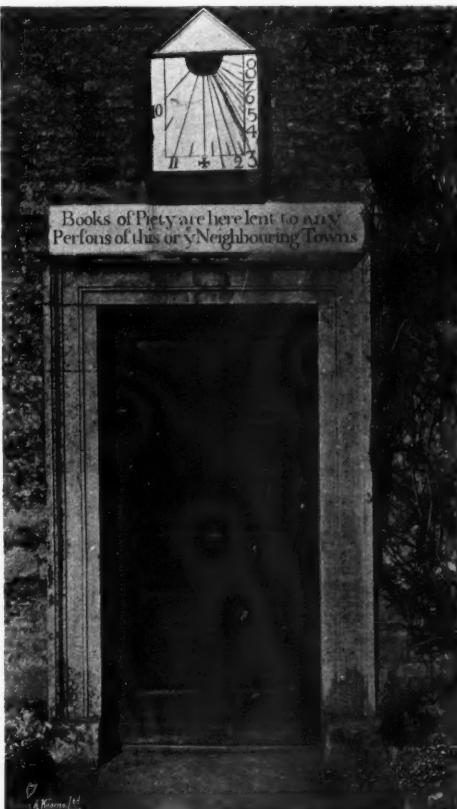
SIR,—At various places in the country I have from time to time seen little toy windmills, and ingenious and interesting contrivances they are. Sometimes they take the form of a man swinging his arms and sometimes of a horse. I fancy that most of these articles are home made; at all events, I have never seen them in shops, and I have not noticed any advertisement of them. I wish to obtain one to set up in my garden to amuse my little girl. My object in writing is to ask whether any of your readers can say where such articles as I have described can be bought.—SCOT, Edinburgh.

## ROSES FOR THE BLIND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to a letter regarding roses for the blind which appeared in your columns a few weeks ago, I beg to recommend one called Zephirine Drouhin, which is extremely fragrant, and, being without any thorns, is particularly suitable for being handled by the blind, by ladies and children. It appears in the current issue of the National Rose Society's official catalogue for the first time, thanks to Mr. Mawley, the hon. secretary, and his committee, and is therein described as "bright silvery pink, very vigorous; garden, pillar, hedge, wall; thornless; fragrant." I send you a few blooms cut to-day from trees I planted at the end of May last, obtained from the open ground in a neighbouring nursery—Messrs. Drummond and Sons—and they have bloomed freely for the past three or four months, and will do so until the frost comes, proving this rose to be a splendid autumn bloomer.—THOMAS BERRY.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for sending a box of this rose, which is quite suitable for the purpose intended.—ED.]



## PICKLING GREEN TOMATOES.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "E. B." who asks for a good recipe for pickling green tomatoes, I give the following: Green tomato soy—Two gallons of tomatoes, green and sliced without peeling; twelve good sized onions, also sliced; two quarts vinegar; one quart sugar; two tablespoonfuls salt; two tablespoonfuls ground mustard; two tablespoonfuls black pepper, ground; one tablespoonful allspice; one tablespoonful cloves. Put the spice in small muslin bags, and remove when the tomatoes and onions are tender. Mix all together and stew until tender, stirring often lest they should scorch, and put up in small glass jars. This is a most useful and pleasant sauce for almost every kind of meat and fish. This recipe is taken from "Common-sense in the Household," by Marion Harland, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.—H. SNOWDEN WARD, Hadlow, Kent.

## CHICHESTER MARKET CROSS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph will help to remind your readers that Chichester is one of the few towns which have, like Salisbury and Malmesbury, retained their Gothic market crosses. Not only does the cross at Chichester survive, but also a very interesting deed is preserved among the Corporation MSS. which affords us much information as to its inception. Edward Storey, a chaplain and friend of Edward IV., became Bishop of Chichester in 1478, and it was after he had held the See a score of years that he erected this charming piece of late Gothic work "as well in the love of God, as to the worshyp of the said city, and in especiell, to the socure and comforte of the poore people there." Under such circumstances it might be thought the Mayor and burgesses would have gladly and freely offered the site at the main crossways, but they charged the bishop "£10 of lawful money of England" for it, and thereafter by indenture, made December 28th, 16 Henry VII., "they granted that neither they nor theyre successors shall from henceforth claim, etc., ne vexe, int'rupt, nor trouble any of the poore people that shall hereafter stände or sell any chaffre within the said Crosse." They also undertake not to build booths or shops within or near the cross so as to hurt and impair it, and so it stood complete and uninjured until the Commonwealth time. But when the Parliamentarian forces got possession of the city, they tore down the central surmounting cross and the figures in the niches, including that of the pious founder. At the Restoration one of the empty Gothic niches was converted into a classic oval, and a bronze bust of Charles I. was set in the place of Edward Storey, and in 1724 Dame Elizabeth Farrington gave the clock "as an hourly memento of her good will to this city." At some such time, also, though I find no record of it, the present cupola containing the bell must have taken the place of the destroyed central cross, for we find it there in the frontispiece to Alex. Hay's "History of Chichester," published in 1804, although, strangely enough, the plate contributed by the Mayor and Corporation to Dallaway's "History of West Sussex," published ten years later, shows a portentously large and squat crocketed finial, much resembling a giant cabbage, as the central achievement. The draughtsman must have been what Dallaway terms "a lover of Gothic architecture," and so made this "restoration" in his drawing. At this time the cross was in some danger. It had ceased to be used, as a Market House was erected in 1807, and it was found to "certainly occupy more space than is compatible with the modern arrangement of large towns."

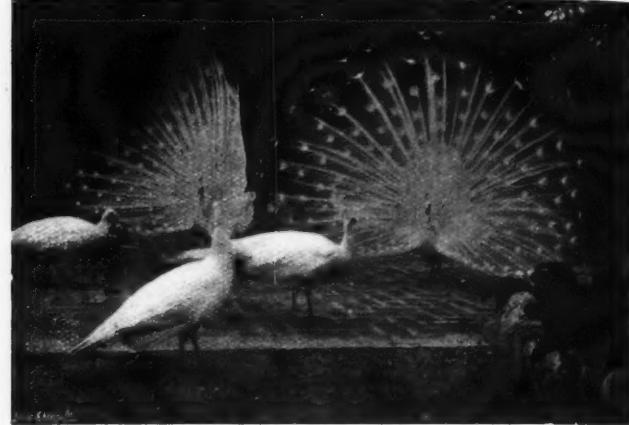


For such reasons were Bristol Cross and Oxford Carfax removed to Stourhead and to Nuneham, while many other such urban monuments were ruthlessly destroyed. Chichester, however, solved the difficulty in a better and more conservative way. The projecting angles of the streets were cut away, and a kind of square or quadrant formed, which has happily permitted the necessary circulation of traffic and, at the same time, has ensured the preservation to our own day and in its historic site of this admirable example of the architecture of the time of Henry VII.—H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## WHITE PEAFOWL.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of some of my white peafowl, which do exceedingly well, and increase and multiply, in my garden here. The little group



by no means represents the whole flock—all the offspring of a peacock and peahen presented to me in 1903 by H.M. the Sultan. The enclosed photograph was taken by Mr. Fayne-Thomson of New York. The photograph shows so well the full beauty of these delightful birds that I am sending it to you on the chance of your caring to insert it in COUNTRY LIFE.—WALTER HARRIS, Tangier, Morocco.

## SEA-TROUT IN THE SEA.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The paragraph in your issue of November 2nd with reference to sea-trout being caught in the sea is particularly interesting, and it is to be hoped that some of your readers will send you their experience on the subject. Some few years ago I saw a seine-net hauled just below Pakefield, near Lowestoft, and two or three sea-trout were among the catch. A day or two later we hired the fishermen to bring their net and work it for our amusement and benefit. We took three small trout, one about  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb., precisely the same fish as I have caught with the fly in Scotland. I never heard of a sea-trout being taken in any river on the East Coast, unless the Fordwich trout is a sea-trout.—T. G.

## POLO PONY BREEDING.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The attention of the council of the Poole and Riding Pony Society has been drawn to a letter from Lord Willoughby de Broke (president and secretary of the Warwickshire Hunt Show) giving as the reason why the committee of that show refuse to include polo pony classes in their schedule, that under no circumstances can polo pony breeding be made to pay, and therefore it is undesirable to encourage farmers to embark upon an enterprise which would only result in loss to them. The council take strong exception to this view—more especially coming from a county which, with its immediate neighbours, contains several of the most influential and representative country polo clubs, and also the polo pony stallion elected for premier honours at the last London show. The opportunity presented to farmers of securing gratis or at a nominal price most of the noted mares whose playing days are over, with the advantage of using the best polo pony sires of the day, cannot prove such an unprofitable business, more especially in view of the increasing demand for polo and riding ponies of high class. As against his Lordship's expression of opinion, the council are able to give some results of an enquiry set afoot by them in June, 1907, with the object of ascertaining the extent to which ponies bred from stallions and mares in the Stud Book and on the Hurlingham Register were playing polo. One of the questions asked for was returns of the prices realised. The figures returned indicated that among polo-bred ponies some had realised the following figures: A pony sold at five years for £210 made £400 at six years. A second sold at five years for 75 guineas subsequently changed hands for 175 guineas. Two ponies realised 150 guineas each, one £130, three 120 guineas and others 105 guineas and 100 guineas each. The council consider that these figures speak for themselves.—A. B. CHARLTON.

## A BIG BAG OF SNIPE.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest your remarks on "bags of snipe," under the head of "Shooting," in your issue of October 26th. I think that I am correct in saying that the world's record for snipe is held by Mr. Bringle (I know not whether he is alive now, or not), the same being 365 birds in one day, truly a great feat. This was in the Teche district of Louisiana, U.S.A.—CHARLES STODDART.